

GLAD TIDINGS

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LILLIAN DEWATERS

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BY THE AUTHOR OF
"JOURNEYING ONWARD"
"THINKING HEAVENWARD"



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*How beautiful upon the mountains
are the feet of him that bringeth good
tidings, that publisheth peace; that
bringeth good tidings of good, that
publisheth salvation; that saith unto
Zion, Thy God reigneth!—ISAIAH.*

The words "Science and Health" which appear as marginal references, refer to the Christian Science text-book, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy.

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CHAPTER I

GLORIA'S UNDERTAKING

"You—you don't think that perhaps you are too young for this position?" hesitatingly asked the school trustee, as he looked anxiously into the animated face confronting him.

He was unable to convince himself that this mere girl, who could not possibly be over twenty-one, realized the responsibility of undertaking the management of such a lot of harum-scarums as these before them.

"Oh, it's experience and understanding which count, you know," returned the candidate, "rather than age."

They had both been standing at the open door of a classroom considering the proposition of its management. The room contained probably fifty boys and girls about the age of twelve years. They were evidently as unmindful of the teacher at the desk as they were of the two spectators at the door.

Apples were being passed and openly munched behind the backs of geography books. A fistie combat was in progress in one corner of the room, while a lad near the front was humming a familiar air and recklessly beating time with a ruler. Apparently no one seemed to be attending to the recitation at hand. Boys and girls were walking about, calling out of the open windows to passersby and evidently gratifying their own idle impulses.

The teacher at the desk rose to meet the visitors as they advanced into the room. She was a little woman, woefully tired in expression, with mournful brown eyes that clearly showed the want of sleep.

"I cannot remain here another day," she exclaimed to the trustee, a small spark of determination flaming up, now that she had made her decision. "I have tried so hard to govern these terrible children, and, although I have been here but a week, I'm already on the verge of nervous prostration. I feel that even another day would be more than I could stand. And I'm the third teacher engaged here during the past month," she added, as if to justify herself, turning to the candidate whom the trustee had introduced as Miss Gilman. "No one will ever stay with these unruly children unless some different methods can be in-

roduced. Do you think of taking this position?" She looked with wonder and surprise at the beautiful girl at her side.

"Why, it is this way," replied Gloria Gilman, her rich, sweet voice in accord with her graceful form and spirituelle face. "I was unable to secure a position in September when the schools opened—my application being too late; so I decided to wait a while. In the meantime I went to visit a friend in New York. Her brother told me about this position and telegraphed Mr. Strong"—courteously inclining toward the trustee—"to meet me at the depot and show me the much-talked-about classroom. But I—I hardly expected to find such conditions existing," she added with slight chagrin.

"No, no, you must not think of taking this place," cried the teacher, appealingly. "You see exactly the extent of demoralization and disorder and," with meditative relish, "I doubt if anyone, except a six-foot athlete, can ever tame these young savages."

By this time the room was in a hubbub of noise, and the children were openly discussing the advent of this new beauty into their midst and contrasting her with the teacher in charge. The trustee with his protégé soon retired to the private office at the end of the hall.

David Strong was a small man of not as imposing an appearance as one might expect of a school trustee. His voice was kind, and there was a certain air about him that bespoke his realization of the fact that he was the trustee of the district and all that that implied.

After seating themselves where quiet reigned they resumed their conversation.

"You feel positive," persisted Strong, "that you can manage these young Indians, and not come down with nervous prostration and other complications as the three previous teachers have done?"

"Since the position has come to me in such a peculiar way, I cannot help but feel that it is my place," answered the girl, with rising color; "and I feel confident that I shall be able to fill it satisfactorily."

Mr. Strong could not help remarking to himself how exquisite was her face as she spoke with such quiet assurance of her success. Her head, so admirably placed, seemed greatly accountable for the grace and beauty of her bearing. Her finely cut features, her great, sparkling eyes, which seemed just at this moment to be looking at him, yet somewhere else, all increased his admiration.

He thought with trepidation that little Miss

Sheldon was to leave for the West that night, and unless he now engaged Miss Gilman there would be no teacher for that room in the morning.

Again he questioned the girl regarding her qualifications, re-read the remarkably fine testimonials she had of her character, ability, etc. Then he looked directly into her face and said:

"You may begin your work here to-morrow morning. I engage you for the school year."

After a little further conversation they parted, she to find a boarding place, and he to return home, wondering whether or not he had acted wisely.

Gloria Gilman was fortunate in finding a home in a very pretty cottage near the school.

"I trust that you will be comfortable and happy here, Miss Gilman," said the cheery voice of Martha Mitchell, as she accompanied her to a large, airy room at the front of the house.

"Mr. Travis, your principal, has a room at the end of the hall. I suppose you've met him," continued the woman curiously.

"No, I did not see him. Mr. Strong and I spent all the time discussing the work of the classroom."

"Arnold Travis is my nephew," announced the widow with fond pride, "and a splendid man he is. Folks say he's the finest catch in Mapleville,

but no one has caught him yet. They call him the 'chronic bachelor.' "

Gloria made no reply, which led the woman to continue:

"He tends strictly to his books. My! but he has his room just filled with all kinds of books; and I scarcely see him of an evening."

"Will you have my trunk sent to me as soon as possible?" asked the newcomer after a moment, as she proceeded to open her suit case.

"Certainly. I'll see that your wants are all attended to," returned Mrs. Mitchell, as she closed the door with a smile and nod and passed downstairs, her expression showing plainly her approval of the new school-teacher.

"I'll bet she'll make those young rascals stand around, if I can read a pair of eyes right. She'll straighten them out in short order."

Meanwhile Gloria, left alone, seated herself in a comfortable rocker and was soon lost in thought. Indeed she was greatly disappointed with her prospective class. Visions of the untidy room, with rulers, pencils and papers littered upon the floor, the loud voices and unruly actions of the children all had a depressing effect upon her. She felt half tempted to run away from it all. But soon a feeling of determination and assurance dominated

her, and she arose, quickly, and took from her satchel a small black book with flexible covers. Seating herself by the open window she read absorbingly for more than an hour.

“Yes, it can be done,” she said to herself, confidently, as she laid the book on the table. “This work has been pointed out to me in such an unmistakable way that it is clearly my duty to accept the position. If it is my task, why, of course I can do it—and do it without fear.”

The girl looked very sweet as she sat thus in deep thought, her chin resting in the palms of her strong, white hands.

“Mother said whatever was my place would be shown me, and that nothing would come to me except that which I could do. I must know the truth about these boys—that they can be taught obedience, that they are God’s thoughts ready to learn all that is right and good, and that they will be obedient to the one who is appointed to teach them.” Thus, reassuring herself and bravely thrusting from her mind the disorderly conduct that she had witnessed that afternoon, she continued to read and meditate alternately until she was called for supper.

The meal was a quiet one with which she was well pleased. Mrs. Mitchell explained that Mr. Travis would not be present until later. This fact

gratified Gloria, as she was eager to return to her room, where she spent the evening in prayerful thought, and in mapping out her work for the morrow.

The girl realized that a great task lay before her, and that she must feel forearmed and in readiness to meet every circumstance as its master.

"I must know," she kept assuring herself as she prepared for bed, "that, 'As thy days thy strength shall be,' and that I shall be able to accomplish all that is required of me."

With these sustaining thoughts Gloria Gilman fell asleep.

CHAPTER II

BEGINNING THE CONQUEST

It was a glorious October day. The sun was streaming in through the lacy curtains as Gloria opened her eyes to behold the new day.

“What will father and mother think when they receive my telegram?” thought the girl. Gloria’s parents lived in the beautiful town of Mount Hope, New York. The girl had left her home in September, after having enjoyed the most delightful and most profitable summer vacation of her life.

She had been teaching since she was eighteen. Her experience, however, had been altogether in the district schools of the country where all ages, all conditions and every conceivable circumstance seemed to have presented itself to her. Her parents greatly desired that she should teach in some public school near New York, so she had spent the month of September with friends in that city in the hope of learning of some opening.

“I shall tell them only the good part of it

here," thought Gloria, as she began dressing. "I'm sure that mother will be knowing with me that good is the only power."

Having dressed, she looked at her watch to find that she still had one hour to spend before breakfast. With a prayer that she might find just the thought that would give her strength and courage, she took from the table a well-worn Bible and eagerly opened it at random. She drank in every word as she read the familiar lines over and over again. "Hear, O Israel, ye approach this day unto battle . . . let not your hearts faint, fear not, and do not tremble, neither be ye terrified because of them. . . . For the Lord your God is he that doth go before thee; he will be with thee, he will not fail thee, neither forsake thee: fear not, neither be dismayed."

Turning the leaves, she continued reading, "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." She then took another book from the table and, after reading a few pages, she closed her eyes in silent prayer.

"Father Mother God, I know that Thy love fills all space; that, though failure has seemed to be present, here, 'they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.' Thy love, Thy truth, Thy

understanding, fill my thought continually. I know that I reflect Thy intelligence, Thy love, and that while I trust and obey Thee, no harm shall befall me. My confidence, my trust, my courage are all manifested to glorify Thee."

Gloria now felt calmed, refreshed and strengthened for the duties which lay before her. With a light heart she went to breakfast and then to the school to begin her day's work.

Arriving at the building, she reported at the office, then went immediately to her class-room where she found most of the children already assembled. The bright, animated faces betokened their curiosity and unusual interest in whatever might transpire.

The gong had just struck nine when a messenger approached the teacher, with the following note:

MISS GILMAN: You need not bring your class into the assembly hall this week.

ARNOLD TRAVIS.

Gloria mentally thanked the principal that he had thus lightened her day's task. A general whispering was meanwhile going on in the class-room, and a giggle here and there could be heard—

but Gloria resolutely stood in the middle of the room, absolutely motionless.

Her strong, lithe form was straightened to its fullest; her head with its mass of golden-brown waves was well poised, while her eyes—the most wonderful part of her face—“seemed to be looking straight at you,” as the boys afterward confided to each other. Silently she stood there until, one by one, each scholar had straightened himself and looked directly at her. Not a whisper could be heard; not a sound was audible throughout the room. Gloria waited for another moment, then in a low, clear, even voice she spoke. Her wonderful attractiveness, together with her charm of voice and manner, held the class spellbound. They had not yet lost the memory of excitable and futile little Miss Sheldon. The first morning that she had been with them, she pounded hard upon the desk bell for order, thereby allowing all the more noise to be produced in the room, as the sound of the bell speedily drowned part of the noisy hubbub and greatly increased the general disorder. The change of tactics introduced by Miss Gilman was, therefore, quite out of the ordinary.

If anyone moved or made the slightest noise, the voice of the speaker instantly ceased, while she respectfully waited for quiet to be resumed.

For fully twenty minutes she talked and held the undivided attention of the class. She narrated the condition of the room as she had observed it the day previous, and told in direct, unmistakable language that she would not tolerate such actions. She said that they must not look to her to be governed, but that each one should govern himself through obedience to the law of Right. Then, she explained in a way they had never heard before, what depended upon obedience; and how each individual, through his own actions, brought himself under certain laws and their results.

“The law of Love,” she continued, “rewards all right doing; but punishes all wrong thinking and acting.”

Her manner with the children was full of frankness and kindness, but still they realized that a quiet firmness lay in those dark eyes and well-poised chin.

Having brought about a mutual feeling of understanding, the teacher proceeded to assign the duties of the morning. Each time that a command was given, it was gentle, yet it carried with it such an air of positive assurance that it would be obeyed, that no one dared attempt disorder. Gradually, as the day wore along, the new teacher manifested more and more love for the poorly

taught and mismanaged urchins. Walking around the room, she gave attention to the work of each individual, and with it a gentle word of correction or praise. At the end of the day she felt that she had won their hearts, and with co-operation she knew that everything would be satisfactory.

The boys pronounced the teacher "great," as they discussed their eventful day while they sauntered homeward.

Just as Gloria had dismissed the class and had seen the last scholar disappear, a man whom she knew instinctively to be Mr. Travis approached her from the office door.

"You will pardon me, Miss Gilman, I am sure, for not calling upon you to-day, but I have been more than ordinarily busy. I saw you in your place this morning, and knew that you needed no introduction to your class."

The principal of Mapleville school possessed an intellectual, refined face and a pair of very kind and winning blue-gray eyes. His voice and manner were so cordial that the girl was at ease in a moment and extended her hand in greeting.

After a short talk about the class arrangements together they went into the office and planned the general work to be accomplished in Gloria's room during the school year.

"I suppose, in spite of your success, you have had a rather hard day," he said, in a friendly tone.

"No, not very hard," she replied, quietly, lifting her eyes to him.

He marvelled at the unruffled and calm expression in their pure depths as he continued in surprise:

"I am indeed glad. I assure you that in such case your fate has been entirely different from that of your predecessors."

"Thank you," a rush of pleasure tingeing her cheeks.

"I trust that you will be happy with us, and let me assure you that you may call upon me for any help that you need," he said, as she rose to leave.

He was not blind to beauty, this "chronic bachelor," and he looked with unmistakable admiration into Gloria's glowing face.

"There's something different about her," he thought when she had returned to her room. He could not, however, have explained just what the difference was, but he felt that Gloria Gilman was no ordinary school-teacher.

"I wonder what she did with those nabobs," he mused, as he was locking the door.

Just at that moment the janitor made his ap-

pearance and, as if in answer to his query, remarked, with a subdued air of importance:

“Guess you need not trouble about the new school-marm, Mr. Travis. She can take care of herself and those kids, too, if I know two eyes when I see 'em. I happened to be passin' the door to-day as one of the girls was comin' out into the hall, and I looked inside. There wuz a mighty difference, I'm telling you, Mr. Travis, twixt to-day and yesterday. Why, it was as still as a church in that there room, and even Joe Congdon was a studyin' his lesson and never even looked at me”—a fact not to be forgotten by Janitor Clark, as Joseph had usually made all sorts of grimaces and disorderly motions whenever he had the opportunity.

Travis nodded his assent, as he hurried down the stairs.

“I just wonder what he thinks of her,” speculated the old janitor, as he proceeded to pick up the papers from the floor. “They say old birds ain't easily caught, but I dunno.”

CHAPTER III

THE DISCOVERY

“WELL, how did you get along?” asked Mrs. Mitchell eagerly, as Gloria came up the steps.

Mrs. Mitchell had been a widow for five years, and although her nephew had lived with her for more than half that time, and she loved him very much, she often longed for the companionship of some one of her own sex. Now that her prayer had been answered so satisfactorily, she felt very grateful.

“Won’t you sit on the piazza with me?” she continued. “You must need a rest after your day’s work.”

The truth of the matter was that the woman was very curious to know just what had transpired in the notorious school room.

“This is cozy,” declared Gloria, seating herself in one of the many comfortable chairs. “Well I dismissed every scholar at three o’clock and have

come home looking none the worse, I hope," with a bright smile.

Mrs. Mitchell looked at the speaker thoughtfully. A sudden eloquence in the girl's eyes made her think again to herself that there was something uncommon about Gloria Gilman. The young teacher knew that her landlady was full of kindly curiosity about her, so she added with that candor which always characterized her speech:

"I found my work not so distasteful as was pictured to me." Gloria mentally recalled the ardent admonition of the little woman who had been unable to bring about the desired condition. "I had rather a strenuous day, but on the whole the results were greatly satisfying."

"You certainly look it, and I am glad," with a motherly tone of voice which pleased Gloria. "But how did you ever manage it?" she demanded. "I did some little teaching myself once," and Mrs. Mitchell recalled it with a tone of importance. "I know just what it means to have fifty minds to cater to—and all at once."

"Well, I went forearmed; that is the best explanation I can give you," replied Gloria, in the tone of one who has unlimited resources.

Mrs. Mitchell had visions of Miss Gilman at one end and a boy with a red face and tight collar

at the other end, but she made no mention of these pictures.

"Do you know Joe Congdon?" she asked, aloud.

"Well, yes," answered the girl, smiling. "Joe and I had a little talk this afternoon, and I think we understand each other."

Gloria did not state that Joe had confided his "hard-luck" story to the pretty school-teacher. Joe had no mother and his father took but little care of him. Consequently left to himself, he had developed many bad traits. Gloria had encouraged him to say what he would about his home life and had given him much to think over that night.

"Joe has the name of being the worst boy in the school," went on Mrs. Mitchell, with interest. "The teachers are all glad when he is promoted out of their room, and this is the second year that he has been in his present grade. It seems that the only way to get along with him is to let him have his own way; for if you cross him I have heard that he throws himself into a regular tantrum."

"He will have to learn with the rest," remarked Gloria, gently, "that there is but one way—the way of right—and that it is a pleasant way when we learn how to approach it."

"H'm. I guess I must be preparing for supper."

"I just wonder how she did make them mind," thought the woman with no little curiosity, as she hastened to the kitchen.

Gloria soon sought her own room, and with a grateful heart gave thanks to the Giver of all good for the happy day she had spent. "Even if it may be trying at first," thought she, "I'm glad that I am here, for those dear children are sadly in need of right thinking."

Presently the supper gong interrupted Gloria's meditation.

"I hope that you bring a good appetite with you," laughingly remarked the hostess, as she met her in the hall.

The girl opened her lips to speak, but seeing Mr. Travis seated at the table she nodded brightly in answer and passed to her seat.

The meal was a pleasant one to Gloria. Mr. Travis was a good conversationalist and Gloria learned much about the beauties and advantages of Mapleville; and also something about the prominent people in the town.

"Have you never lived in Connecticut before?"

"No," with a negative shake of the fair head.

"But you like the view you can get from your window, do you not?"

"Oh, yes! I had a beautiful view last night, as the moon was rising over the Sound."

"You care for bathing and rowing, of course?" asked Travis, with enthusiasm.

The girl flushed. "Oh, yes, but I didn't always love the water as I do now! I overcame my fear of it, and now I quite enjoy it."

"You did what?" asked Travis, looking up, quickly.

"I got over my fear of it," answered Gloria, earnestly, "when I knew that it could not harm me."

Travis seemed to be making note of something mentally, and Gloria did not continue the conversation.

"Are you interested in church work?" he inquired in a matter-of-fact way.

Gloria looked up quickly, but before she could reply Travis continued:

"I suppose you have noticed the church at the corner below us," pointing to a handsomely built edifice. "It's a very important factor in Mapleville and the people are wonderfully religious—at least they bear that reputation," with a satirical tone. "They expect the school-teachers to be reg-

ular attendants, teach in the Sunday-school, and take part in whatever they may be called upon to do."

"What denomination is the church?" asked Gloria.

"Methodist, and strict at that. Why! I had the hardest time of my life in refusing Dominie Williams when he asked me to teach the Bible class." Travis laughed heartily at the remembrance. "I didn't want to wound the old fellow's feelings, so I had to be very diplomatic."

"But why did you not accept?" asked Gloria, in her direct manner.

"Because I do not know anything to teach," remarked Travis, dryly. "You cannot teach what you do not understand yourself."

They had been sitting on the veranda during the greater part of the conversation, and it just occurred to Gloria that, for strangers, they seemed to be talking very freely.

Arnold Travis was of that "jovial disposition," Mrs. Mitchell had confided to her later, "that always pleases the ladies."

"By the way, Miss Gilman, I believe that the church is holding a lawn festival this week. Could I induce you to accompany me there to partake of some ice-cream?"

"No, I thank you, Mr. Travis; I have duties for the evening." Gloria rose as she spoke.

"I am glad," said Travis, "that you came away from school with such flying colors to-day."

Gloria wondered how much he knew of her experiences, but she remarked, modestly:

"On the whole, I did have quite a harmonious day."

The same look passed over Travis' face that Gloria had detected once before that evening.

"'Overcame'—'harmonious,'" mused the man. With the winning smile that he could so easily assume, Travis looked into Gloria's eyes and said:

"Miss Gilman, you're a Christian Scientist!"

Gloria could not quite conceal her surprise at this announcement, but with charming candor, held up both her hands, exclaiming:

"I plead guilty, Mr. Travis, and will pause long enough to ask what led to your conjecture?"

"Oh, I wish that you were not going so soon! Can't I persuade you to enjoy this delightful spot a little longer?" Travis reached for a chair which Gloria took, wondering what was to come.

"Oh! I know some of the phraseology of the Scientists, and some words that you used led to my discovery."

"Have you studied Christian Science?"

"Yes, I have to my sorrow."

"Your sorrow?" incredulously cried Gloria.

"It is like this," Travis remarked in a confidential tone. "You see, there were some things in the mysteries of life which I had settled my mind upon. After reading *Science and Health* by Mrs. Eddy, my confidence in my own opinions received a rude shock; and I have gained nothing in place of my lost knowledge."

"No, you can't explain anything to me," he went on, as Gloria attempted to speak. "My mother is a Christian Scientist, and I've listened to her talk by the hour. I can never be converted to such Greek," with a shake of the head. "It may heal nervous, fretful women, but it's not understandable."

"Even if Christian Science did no more than heal nervous, irritable women," cried Gloria, "and make them sweet and lovable, it would be accomplishing much for weary mortals. And you say that your mother is a Scientist?"

"Yes, mother was converted about two years ago. She has had what they call Class Instruction. I suppose you have taken that course?" looking up interrogatively.

"Yes, I had that happy privilege, a year ago when I was in Boston."

"Mother was healed of heart-trouble and stomach-trouble and that is the strange part of it to me. I know that she was sick a greater part of the time and had dangerous sinking spells. But she has become an entirely different woman since she studied Christian Science. What is strange to me is, how that Greek book of Mrs. Eddy's can ever be comprehended sufficiently by anyone, so that he can understandingly apply the principle of it."

"But you say that it healed your mother?" with soft insistence.

"I know that she was sick, and is now well, but," tentatively, "her faith in it was unbounded from the first."

"But, faith alone cannot heal," returned Gloria, as if to meet his argument.

"Miss Gilman, would you believe that I have been reading *Science and Health* for a whole year, and I cannot get the meaning of any passage in it!"

Gloria could see that his pride was wounded in making this admission.

"Why, yes, I believe you. There are many people who have read it longer than that before they grasped its truths. But in the face of your failure, what is your reason for reading the book?"

"Well, I'm not reading it expecting or desir-

ing to become a convert; nor to believe or practice its teachings. I am reading it simply to find out just what it does teach, and why people are so carried away with it."

"Oh! I see," said the girl, with mischief in her eyes. "Now, Mr. Travis, supposing some boy came to you for an Arithmetic, stating that he wanted to read it. He would also say that he had no desire to become a mathematician, and did not expect to become one; furthermore, he would not attempt to work any of the problems in the book; that he did not desire to do the problems, but just wanted to find out by reading the book, how it was that the answers were obtained. How long do you think it would take the boy to gain his object?"

Travis felt his color rise, and for the moment was humiliated that he must appear so stupid in the eyes of this girl.

"When you put it in that light," he answered with a forced laugh, "why I appear like a cad—but somehow I had never thought of it that way before."

"I hope that we will have some more talks together," said the man, as Gloria rose to go. She wondered if he had forgotten that he "did not want anything explained" to him, but she gave

him a glad smile and said that she would be happy to talk on the subject whenever he felt so disposed.

With a pleasant good-night she disappeared in the house.

“By Jove!” looking at the empty chair which Gloria had vacated. “She knows how to make a fellow feel small all right.” And he gave the chair a push with the toe of his shoe.

CHAPTER IV

GLORIA MEETS DOUGLAS IRVING

THE days passed quickly for Gloria. She found that much work was required in the school-room to accomplish the desired results. After the curiosity and novelty of the situation had worn off, the children tried to indulge in their old habits and it was then that the teacher's real work began.

She gave them occasional talks, which greatly helped in the government, and they soon recognized the gentle firmness of her manner. Already they felt pleased to win a word of commendation from her, or to gain a look of approval. Even the biggest boy in the room would feel a bit ashamed of himself when his conduct merited a glance of gentle reproach from the soft, brown eyes.

On the whole, as the teacher looked around Friday after the children had given in unison a cheery "Good-night, Miss Gilman," she felt very happy. Her meditation was presently interrupted by Janitor Clark as he opened the door, softly humming his customary tune.

“ Beg pardon, Miss, I calculated you’d gone, hear’n no noise around.” The man turned to leave.

“ You may stay,” said Gloria, with a smile. “ I shall go directly.”

“ Pardon me, Miss, if I tell you, this is a different looking room from that of last Friday. Why, I don’t see a scrap of paper on this floor nowhere,” and his eyes shone with delight. “ ’Pears to me you are teachin’ the children neatness as well as books. Why, if you will believe me, Miss—now I have forgot—no, Miss Gilman.” He spoke as if he were addressing one of great importance.

Resting his hands on his broom, he went on: “ I spent twice as much time in this room as I did in any of the rest. Besides the papers on the floor, I would find pencils, all chewed up, and broken rulers and erasers, and I can’t say what all.”

Janitor Clark gave a whistle exclamatory of his feelings, as his eyes happened to rest on the blackboards. “ To think of them boards bein’ all erased so clean, and the chalk put in place! Why ”—and he seemed overcome at the thought—“ it used to take me as long to clean them boards as it did all the rest of the rooms put together.”

Suddenly a cloud stole over the beaming face, and Gloria was quick to detect its meaning.

“ Have no fear, Mr. Clark,” she said, with a

look that went "straight to the heart," he afterward confided to Mr. Travis. "It will continue just this way, I assure you. We shall all endeavor to lighten your work by doing our own well and in an orderly manner."

With a kindly smile the teacher left the room.

Janitor Clark stood for several minutes gazing at the floor, at the children's desks all in immaculate condition, at the shades all pulled to even length. He had previously found it necessary to straighten the teacher's desk, but a glance at where Miss Gilman sat showed him that his time was not required there.

"Something extraordinary! Never heard of it before in this room, and I've been here now these eight years," thought the man as he proceeded with his work.

"May I detain you a few moments, Miss Gilman?" said Mr. Travis, appearing at his office door.

"Certainly."

Gloria stepped within and took the chair which he courteously placed near the desk by which he was sitting,

Gloria had not seen Mr. Travis in school at all during the week, since her first day, although she had had several talks with him at Mrs. Mitchell's.

She felt at once a difference in his attitude to her. Though he still wore the genial, friendly look which she afterward found that the children all loved—still, she instinctively felt that he was now Professor Travis.

“Miss Gilman, I have not asked you to bring your class into the assembly hall during the past week, as I knew they required all your attention in the class room; furthermore, I wanted you to feel acquainted with the children before appearing with them before the school.”

A glowing look of gratitude appeared in Gloria's eyes.

“I wish you to come to the assembly Monday, however, and by the way, I presume Mr. Strong, the trustee, acquainted you with the fact that you are expected to conduct the musical part of our morning program?”

“I do not understand.” Gloria's heart beat fast, and Mr. Travis thought that there was a quiver in her voice.

“You are expected to play the marches while the children are assembling from the different rooms, and also to select and play the hymns for the devotional exercises. Did not Mr. Strong inform you of this?”

Gloria instantly remembered that he had said

something about the music, but that she had been so occupied in thought regarding the class work that she had not given the matter her attention.

“Ah, why did I not listen!” thought the girl.

The principal noted her hesitation, wonderingly.

Suddenly Gloria looked up. “*Must* I do the playing?” she asked, half-pleadingly.

“Why, yes, every teacher who has your classroom understands that she is to take entire charge of the music in the school; and this is considered in her salary.”

The girl’s face flushed and she seemed embarrassed. Turning her gaze out of the window, she seemed oblivious of the principal. She appeared to be so wrapped in deep thought that he did not break the silence.

Suddenly she turned to him, her eyes luminous with a sweet seriousness he had not seen there before.

“I will do whatever you request of me, Mr. Travis,” she said in quiet self-possession; yet flushing slightly as her eyes met the searching blue ones.

“Please begin your work Monday. You will find the music on the piano in the assembly hall.”

After further conversation regarding the de-

tails of the marching and singing, Gloria hastened home.

Arriving at the pretty cottage she went immediately to her room and, seating herself at the table, she buried her face in her hands.

"How can I do this? How can I!" and the tears fell copiously upon her bare arms. Then suddenly pulling herself together she said aloud: "Gloria Gilman! Are you not ashamed to show such fear when you just know all will be well for you if you but trust and are faithful?" Smiling through her tears she reached for the little black book on the table and was soon absorbed in the thought which it suggested.

The truth was that Gloria had not touched the piano keys but once within the past five years; furthermore, she had but little skill as a musician. She had taken some lessons when she attended High School, but had devoted little time to practicing, and soon gave up the music course altogether.

She was, however, passionately fond of music and meant to become more familiar with the piano as soon as the way opened, as she had explained to her mother at the time. The past summer vacation had slipped away so quickly and Gloria had given so much of her time to more profitable study,

that only once did her fingers touch the keys. She had played only a moment, however, as she found her knowledge quite inadequate to evoke the proper harmony.

The girl had always had a dread of playing to an audience. She might get along fairly well by herself, but as soon as a member of the family was found listening, a series of discords was sure to follow. Her father would oftentimes call to her to "play something," particularly if he had brought a friend home with him. On one evening, in particular, when Gloria was quite a young girl, upon hearing her father call to her to "come to the drawing-room" she deliberately took a knife and lacerated the flesh of one of her fingers. Binding up the cut she approached her father, who upon seeing the wounded finger kindly excused her.

"Can it be possible that I, the girl who trembled before her own parents, have consented to play before three hundred children!" thought Gloria. "I'm sure there must be a way of help for me." Glancing up she espied some letters on the table and upon examination one proved to be from her mother.

Opening the envelope she quickly scanned the closely written pages. The color came and went

in her face while she was reading, and one sentence she re-read many times.

“Remember, my dear, you will be called upon to perform only such duties as you are capable of performing. Your understanding, intelligence and wisdom are in Mind; and you can draw upon the supply to meet every demand. I am certain that, fortified as you are in Truth, you will be able to meet every adverse circumstance as its master.”

These words were meant indeed for Gloria, and proved to be the needed inspiration; for her hope and courage returned with marvelous speed.

“What would I do without Christian Science?” thought the girl. “I know that even though mortal sense tells me that I shall be nervous and that I am not capable, it is not true. The very fact that I have been asked to do this work proves that I am able, if I will but believe it, to perform it.”

That evening Gloria spent some time in familiarizing herself with the piano, the use of which Mrs. Mitchell was only too glad to offer to her.

“How well you play, Miss Gilman!” remarked the latter who had been a willing listener.

Gloria wondered if her knowledge of music could be classed with her knowledge of school-teaching, but ventured only a nod and a smile.

“It’s been kind of hard work for her, I mis-

trust," thought the kind woman as she noted a certain look of weariness that for a moment passed over the girl's face.

"Suppose we go over to church and have some cream? You know that they are having a lawn festival this week." Mrs. Mitchell's voice was coaxing.

"But it is too late," protested the girl.

"No, I'm sure that there will be two bricks left, so come on," and taking Gloria's arm they tripped down the steps.

"Mrs. Williams, I want you to meet Miss Gilman, one of our new teachers."

"This is our minister's wife," turning to Gloria, who extended her hand in response to the cordial greeting.

"Yes, you are late arrivals," said Mrs. Williams, in a pleasant voice, "but I am sure I shall find some refreshments for you."

Gloria and Mrs. Mitchell stood apart from the groups of young people, collected under the beautiful elms. The girl was conscious of the many wondering eyes cast upon her. She was gowned in one of her favorite dresses, a pale blue crêpe, that exposed the marvelous whiteness of her full neck and the almost perfect proportions of her form.

The angelic purity and delicacy of the sweet girlish face, and the expressive brown eyes, excited the interest of many, and some curious inquiries ran through the groups.

"I have found a still later guest; and you know a fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind. Now, Mr. Irving, you must escort these ladies to a table and see that they are properly cared for," she continued.

Gloria turned as Mrs. Williams laughingly approached, leading a man whom she introduced.

"I thought that I would be too late," said Mr. Irving, in a rich full voice, revealing a glittering set of white teeth; "but it was a glad providence, however, that delayed me"; and the gray eyes looked their admiration at the vision in blue which confronted him.

Douglas Irving was a handsomely framed man of rather youthful appearance. His face was smooth and his eyes rather deep-set under a splendidly developed brow.

At a glance Gloria had taken in his immaculate appearance. His clean-shaven face had a healthful color, his thick, dark brown hair, scrupulously parted in the middle and combed to an exact proportion on either side, showed off the shapely head. His clothes were in excellent taste, and their great

neatness well suited the tall, athletic form. His whole appearance was that of one who took excellent care of himself.

The three wended their way to a small table, where they partook of refreshment and lingered in the beautiful moonlight.

"How glorious the night is!" remarked Gloria, looking at the moon sailing serenely across the heavens.

"Marvelously beautiful," echoed Irving. Mrs. Mitchell's quick eyes observed that his gaze was resting on the blue-clad figure beside him.

Mrs. Williams soon joined them, bringing with her several of the young people, whom she presented to Gloria.

"Well, my dear, did you enjoy yourself?" asked Mrs. Mitchell in her bright manner, as they were returning home.

"Indeed I did. What a pleasant group of people we met!"

"That was a handsome man all right!"

"Which one do you mean?" asked the girl, innocently.

"Just as if she does not know," thought the woman looking closely at the happy face.

"Why, Douglas Irving, to be sure."

"Yes. I was impressed with his appearance.

'There was a certain look of purity about his face that is quite rare.'

"Yes, and he's twenty-five years old. I've known him this long while, but dear me! how quick boys change into men! It seems only yesterday that I saw him going to High School. He is very different from the other young men around here. No one hears much about him because he is so quiet-like. He don't attend the services here," with a doubtful shake of her head, "and seldom mixes in with the young folks. I was surprised to meet him to-night. He bears a fine reputation, and I have often heard him called a man of sterling qualities.

"Yes, that is easily imagined," remarked the girl quietly, as they approached the house.

"There is a light in Arnold's room," declared Mrs. Mitchell, her bright eyes missing nothing. "He is a very studious man. I have sometimes fancied as I watched him, when he was in deep thought, that he looked troubled. Generally he is always so full of life and ready for a joke, but just at those times when he is quiet by himself, his face will look serious and sober. But I suppose we must all have sadness some day," in a voice of resignation to an invisible fact.

"I do not think that way. We live to express

joy, goodness and eternal happiness," murmured the girl with the gentle sweetness which the woman had begun to see was a part of her.

"Indeed! it is easy for one young and happy as you are to talk of eternal happiness," she rejoined, with a laugh. "Wait until you are older, then you will know the cares and troubles of life," with a little tone of sadness in her voice that went to Gloria's heart.

"No, Mrs. Mitchell; I'm glad that I do not think as you do. We should grow more useful as time goes on, and should so think and live that care and trouble will find no abiding place with us."

Mrs. Mitchell continued to regard her companion with that curiosity and wonderment which so often dwelt in her glance.

"Quite a pretty speech my dear, but very transcendental. Such things should be, but *are* they?"

"Yes. I know of many, older than you are," she returned, with an arch smile, who do not allow care, trouble, or sickness to mar their lives."

"Well, I wish I had the recipe."

"Some day I will tell you more about it, for I know something——"

"Do sit down here," interrupted Mrs. Mitchell, as they reached the piazza. "I'm always glad to

hear of new ideas," with a tone of curiosity that did not escape her companion's notice.

"No, not to-night," laughing. "I have some work waiting for me upstairs."

"She knows something. That girl is no ordinary one," said the woman after Gloria had left her. She has wonderful eyes that seem to look right through you—just as if she was seeing what you were thinking about. I guess anyone could see her thoughts all right without hurting themselves, for Muriel Lee said that it was the most beautiful, yet the sweetest and purest face she had ever seen. Poor Muriel," as her thoughts took a different current. "I do wish that the dear little soul was well. I guess that I'll fix up a nice custard for her in the morning. I know she'd enjoy it."

CHAPTER V

“ THE RETREAT ”

GLORIA'S first Sabbath at Mapleville dawned, a perfect fall morning. The bright sunshine flooded the room, as she awoke with a sigh of content that it was Sunday, and a whole, restful day of peace and love was before her.

After breakfast she returned to her room and, taking a dark shawl and her Science books, she passed down the stairs and out of the side entrance.

“ I wonder if this pretty lane at the back of the house will not take me to some quiet retreat,” she said to herself. Drinking in the beauties of the early morning, she continued her way and soon came to a road which showed but little usage. Though realizing that it might be private she decided to follow it until she saw where it led. She had not far to walk for the road stopped abruptly at an old picket-gate which was closed. But on either side there was an opening where the stones from the wall had fallen or been thrown down,

leaving an aperture wide enough for one to pass through.

Gloria hesitated; but the scene before her was alluring.

Here was one of those large orchards that she had often seen when driving through country places. The place looked deserted except for a chipmunk, flitting here and there over the walls.

"I don't think anyone would mind," she thought, "if I sat under one of these trees." As she passed through the open space into the orchard, she saw that the walls were down in many places and that little care had been taken with the grounds.

Walking through the thickly planted trees, presently her eyes espied a large apple-tree on a little knoll slightly apart from the other trees, and very near a high, stone wall.

Spreading the dark shawl upon the ground, Gloria seated herself and looked with wondering eyes about her.

"What a perfect morning! How good is our God!" she exclaimed. A sweet, joyous expression crossed the youthful face, as she gazed with an appreciative eye at the scene before her, taking in deep breaths of the cool, delicious, salt air.

Before her were stretches of woodland unfurl-

ing their leaves of various shades, and lending colors of luxuriant beauty to the attractive landscape. Birds were flitting here and there; a woodpecker pecked industriously on the trunk of a tree near her, his beautiful head bobbing up and down with rhythmic motion.

A gentle moo came from one side and, turning, Gloria saw a yellow-faced cow gazing at her, with head just reaching over the high wall. The girl looked gleefully into the gentle eyes which seemed to question her appearance there; then the yellow head disappeared and Gloria heard her move away.

"There's everything to make this picturesque and beautiful," thought she. "I shall call this 'The Retreat.'" Gazing into the beautiful sky above her, her heart went out in one great bound of gratitude for all the glories God had given man.

"At first I was sorry," she thought as she opened her books, preparatory to reading the Sunday Lesson, "that there is no Christian Science church in Mapleville; but I shall try and not miss it so much by reading the Lesson every Sunday up here with only beautiful nature and the birds to hear it. I believe I shall have the whole service," and opening her little black-leathered hymn book she sang the words in clear, sweet tones.

Gloria had a rich, full voice, and never more

than this morning did she sing with greater feeling. Lovingly, she lingered over the last exquisite lines, as if her whole being responded to their truth:

God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

"Yes, everywhere," as her eyes feasted again upon the glorious landscape.

"I'm sorry I can't call upon my audience," she thought with a smile, "to assist me with the responsive reading." Slowly, clearly, she read aloud every word of the entire Lesson. She did not omit any part of the service. Three times her voice rang out the beautiful hymns and the silent prayer was one of renewed consecration and devout thankfulness of heart. Even the collection was not omitted, for Gloria drew a silver purse from her waist, and, opening it, took out a crisp five-dollar bill, and placed it in the little pocket of the Quarterly.

"This shall be my deposit bank until I reach a church," she said to herself.

When the last word had ceased Gloria closed her books and arranged them in a little pile by her side.

"Yes, I feel now as if I could go right into the assembly room, take my seat at the piano and

play without fear and trembling," she thought as if in answer to the question that again suggested itself. "God will not forsake me to-morrow, and I shall prove again His goodness."

Taking a small jeweled watch from her belt, she was surprised to see that two whole hours had flown. The girl was loath to leave and was meditating upon the trip back when she was startled by a sound at her side.

Thinking it must be the cow, she turned and was amazed to see the tall figure of a man lightly vault the high wall and approach her. For a moment her heart beat excitedly, until she recognized that the stranger was Mr. Irving.

Smiling, he lifted his hat. "I beg your pardon," he began.

"I fear it is I who should beg yours," explained Gloria, with a rush of color, as she attempted to rise.

"Pray, do not move, I beg of you," said Irving beseechingly, as he seated himself opposite her.

"I'm sure that I have intruded unlawfully on this bright, beautiful morning," began the girl, as if uncertain what move to make. "Is this your orchard?" asking the question uppermost in her thought.

“Yes, but please be seated a moment longer,” he begged, as the girl reached for her books.

His voice was gentle, and his manner so earnest that Gloria hesitated.

Suddenly she sat erect, a startled expression sweeping over her face. Her cheeks grew slowly, richly crimson. Her questioning, half-reproachful scrutiny brought the color to his own face as Douglas Irving’s gray eyes met hers.

In a quiet, respectful, and remorseful voice, he answered their mute appeal.

“Yes. I—I was a listener.”

The rich color overflowed her cheeks once more, her lovely eyes suffused with tears, as she realized that her sacred hours had been violated by another. She seemed rooted to the spot as the full import of the fact dawned upon her. Neither spoke.

Irving’s manner was void of lightness or curiosity; on the contrary his face bore a trace of seriousness and a look of deep earnestness.

“Will you let me tell you?” at last Irving began.

A drooping of the white lids over the tear-filled eyes was Gloria’s only response.

“I left the house this morning and turned my steps this way in search of a refractory cow. As I

was walking along by this high wall"—with a slight gesture—"I thought I heard some singing. I was sure that I must be mistaken, but coming closer I could distinctly hear the words, and I ventured a look over the wall."

Here the fair head drooped even lower.

"I saw—" but he did not finish the sentence. "I thought I would not interrupt your solitude, and was going to move away without disturbing you when it occurred to me to remain; and before I realized it I had seated myself on the ground and remained there until now," he concluded in humble confession.

Suddenly his manner changed. He had been looking down while he was talking because Gloria had persistently refused to raise her eyes. Now he looked up, and with deep earnestness of voice continued: "The fact of my hearing what I did this morning could not and shall not harm you, Miss Gilman, and it has brought to me more—more than I have ever known before. Why, really, I felt on holy ground while the words came to my waiting ears, and I had the most wonderful feast of my life as I heard the readings. But I deeply apologize for my seeming intrusion, and am sincerely sorry if it causes you any regret. Do not fear that I would jestingly treat so sacred a

subject, for I received a crumb of hope this morning that I have long craved."

The frankness of his speech, and the honesty and sincerity so evident somewhat mollified the young Scientist. She felt it keenly that this stranger should have intruded upon her privacy; but again—if he had learned something of Truth—why perhaps Truth just brought it about this way she thought, and with a smile parting her red lips, she raised the long, silky lashes and looked into the frank eyes which anxiously drew hers.

"I—I think I shall forgive you."

"Thank you, Miss Gilman," as a sigh of relief escaped him. "Now that I'm forgiven will you be still more gracious and allow me the pleasure of remaining here for a few minutes?" as he shifted his position on the ground.

"Indeed, I rather think I should ask your permission to remain. I fear I have trespassed where I had no right. But it seemed so quiet and solitary, without a house in sight, that I yielded to the temptation and must confess that I have already planned to come again."

"By all means, and the next time I promise you there will be nothing of this kind to mar your privacy. You are right; this place is almost de-

served. The orchard belongs to mother but it is such a distance from the house that we have sadly neglected it; and I fear that the neighbors enjoy the apples as much as we do. We have not fenced it, for you see the walls are down in many places. Promise me that you will not let the episode of this morning prevent your making use of this place or I shall chide myself that I let you know of my unwarranted presence."

"Ah! I'm glad that you told me," cried Gloria, quickly, thinking how much worse it would have been had he not confessed his presence. "Now that I have the owner's permission I may avail myself of this beautiful spot again," she continued, "but the next time I shall investigate the surroundings on the other side of the wall." There was a roguish sparkle in the brown eyes.

Douglas Irving thought that he liked the sparkle better than the reproach he had seen in them only a few minutes before.

An occasional light breeze played with the soft, brown locks that strayed across the girl's forehead, while a sunbeam nestled on the unprotected head. Irving gazed intently at the marvelous beauty of her delicate face.

The girl colored under his ardent gaze.

"I think I should be going home; Mrs. Mitchell

will be wondering what has become of me," she said with a soft laugh. "I slipped out of the side door without her knowledge."

"No, don't go yet," he cried entreatingly. "I want you to tell me something about what you read this morning. What book did you use besides the Bible?"

"This is *Science and Health*, by Mary Baker Eddy," as she took the little black book and held it toward him.

"Then this was a Christian Science service, which I heard this morning?" with great surprise.

"Do you know about Christian Science?" asked the girl, gladly.

"No, I do not, but I'm going to know about it, if it is what I heard this morning. Never has any reading impressed me as the reading from this little book"; and he turned the leaves over and quickly scanned the pages.

"I must own one like this," he said, with quick decision. "Will you be good enough to tell me where I may obtain a copy?"

"You will find the address in the front of the book," explained Gloria. "You can write there for any information you desire."

"Yes, I see," and Irving copied the address in a small notebook.

In turning the leaves he saw the name in a clear, feminine hand "Gloria Gilman."

"Would you mind telling me how long you have known of this religion?"

"It is three years since I understood, to some degree, the teachings of the book; but I knew of Science a year previous to that."

"Pardon me, Miss Gilman, but believe me I do not speak out of curiosity; I would be very glad to know something more about Christian Science. Would you mind telling me what attracted you to this thought?"

Gloria noted again the seriousness of his expression as he sat there hatless before her. His dark brown hair combed so smoothly, showed off the whiteness of his skin, while the proportions of his strong brow indicated more than ordinary intellectual endowment.

"I'm always glad to tell what may be a help to others," Gloria responded, quietly.

She looked off into the distance where the blue sky seemed to meet the golden-touched trees.

After a moment's pause, she spoke in a low, musical voice:

"Four years ago, in a beautiful town about one hundred and fifty miles from here, there lived a family over which a great sorrow seemed pending. A

daughter in the twenties lay dying. The parents had done all that could be done for her relief. The physicians had exhausted their means, all to no avail. Death seemed inevitable. That day, the father stopped at the home of a neighbor on the way from the village, whence he had gone for medicine and there met a woman from Brooklyn who was spending a few days with her friend, Mrs. Whitney. It seems that this guest had heard of the girl's desperate condition, and while the father and Mrs. Whitney were talking at the gate, Mrs. Marvin came down the walk toward them. It was a beautiful, white-haired woman who greeted the man so cordially. She asked him if he knew of Christian Science, and he replied that he had never before heard the words.

“ Then she told him something about it—that it healed the sick—that it would heal his daughter. The man was eager to have her meet his daughter, and invited the lady to call at his house that afternoon. She came. So wonderfully did she talk, so beautiful seemed this strange truth, that Christian Science treatment was immediately asked for and given. That night a gentle peace reigned over the household. The sick one was quietly sleeping, while the others were meditating on the marvelous words they had heard that day.

“The visit from the practitioner was repeated the next day. The following morning the daughter arose, dressed, ate her breakfast with the family, and walked to the house where Mrs. Marvin was staying. She was healed. Medicines of all kinds were immediately destroyed in the house and *Science and Health* was purchased and studied.

“The mother was one of those pure, receptive souls who drink in so quickly and unquestionably this great Truth. She had been a semiinvalid all her life, and was a great sufferer. Many physicians had tried their arts upon her, but she was told that she could never walk like other people and must expect to suffer for the remainder of her life. This dear mother was healed entirely and absolutely without any Christian Science treatment, simply by listening to and drinking in the words that the practitioner had voiced to her daughter. To-day she is happy, strong and well, and a devout Christian Scientist.”

Gloria paused. She had been talking all this time with her eyes on the sky; a look of rapt purity on the fair face. Now she turned toward Irving who had been all alert to every word that she uttered.

“Is—is there not more?” he asked.

“Yes. The father is a Scientist also.”

"And the other daughter?" for Irving had by this time caught her meaning.

She turned her eyes back to the blue sky.

The other daughter was the younger of the two sisters. She had missed some of the mother's training as she had spent several years away at boarding schools and at college. This girl," and Gloria's face flushed ever so slightly, "having seen the wonderful and unmistakable results produced in her family, bought the book by Mrs. Eddy, and commenced reading.

"She soon discovered that the healing was the smallest part of Christian Science; that the greater work to be accomplished was the regeneration of man—the making of the 'old man' into the 'new.' There was many a battle with self-will, pride, self-love, self-righteousness; there was much need of acquiring love, unselfishness, humility, patience; but the warfare has begun, and she rejoices in some progress. Instead of ambition for society, for constant gayety, careless and wasteful spending of time, now her whole desire is to gain a fuller understanding of the great science of Life, to supplant all wrong thinking by right thinking and to bring others to this great fountain of Truth."

The sweet earnestness of her speech touched Irving as nothing else had ever done. As he

looked into the gentle, lovely face turned toward him, his eyes moistened.

Douglas Irving was a man who had been hungering for his God, and here was a practical something that stirred his heart to hope. Never before had he heard a girl make such open confession of her faults, and he felt a sacred sense of joy that she had thus confided in him.

Gloria now rose and Irving hastened to gather her shawl and books. Standing before her he said, seriously, and in a deeply appreciative tone:

“Miss Gilman, I thank you more than words can express for your beautiful talk. It has given me an inspiring hope that I, too, shall gain an understanding of the mysteries of life, for I have long sought God but have not found Him. I do not attend church, for it does not feed me, does not answer the thousand questions of my heart. I have only heard of Christian Science in a casual way, and I considered it some silly nonsense. But from what I have heard this morning I see that it is deeper than anything I have ever read. I shall anxiously wait a copy of *Science and Health*.”

“I hope,” looking into the girl’s eyes earnestly, “that I shall meet you very soon. Again let me offer my humble apologies for the seeming rude-

ness that I committed, and again let me thank you for your confidence.”

Irving extended his hand and Gloria, smiling, laid hers within his palm.

The stalwart form quickly scaled the wall and was lost to sight, while Gloria with a light and happy heart retraced her steps.

CHAPTER VI

ARNOLD TRAVIS HEARS AN INSPIRING TALK

“WELL, Miss Gilman, did the beautiful sunshine of glorious October woo you to the woods?” as Mrs. Mitchell picked from Gloria’s hair some leaves that clung to the chestnut tresses.

“Yes, I love October.”

“Are you going to service, or do you prefer the evening session? I seldom find time in the morning, but I haven’t missed an evening for many years,” with a tone of pride.

“I have had my sermon this morning, Mrs. Mitchell. I read the Lesson under one of the beautiful trees in the orchard at the top of the hill.”

“Read your Lesson!”

“Yes. I am a Christian Scientist,” explained the girl, quietly.

Such a look of surprise flashed over the woman’s face that it caused Gloria to smile.

“Miss Gilman! You a Christian Scientist? Why didn’t you tell me before?”

“Why? Would you have put me out of the

house?" asked Gloria, uncertain just how this fact would operate.

"Dear, no," she said, with a sigh. "Now I understand," she went on, thoughtfully, as some of the girl's remarks came to her memory. "Why, I am acquainted with lots of Christian Scientists; and I know also, that you've got a rough road to hoe if you follow what Mrs. Eddy says.

"Why! Christian Scientists would as soon think of stealing as they would to enter into a conversation about sickness and disease. You mustn't believe that there is anything the matter with you, no matter how sick you are; you've got to read all day and never miss going to church twice a week; and it is worse than useless to get one of them to talk about his neighbor and tell you of the sickness in the town."

Mrs. Mitchell paused for breath and looked open-eyed at Gloria, ready to combat a denial of these facts.

"Wouldn't it be pleasant if all lived that way?" said the girl, with a merry look in the dark eyes.

"Oh, it's all right for those who want it, but it would make life so uninteresting! I'm not interfering with anybody's religion, but as for Martha Mitchell bowing down to those cut and dried rules, no, sir," with a decided shake of the head. "I pre-

fer to keep my own individuality, and have something original, too."

Gloria smiled, but it was rather a sad little smile.

"Dear Mrs. Mitchell, we give up nothing that is good in order to obey this Science; and we lose nothing but what it is not right to have. But I must change my gown, or I shall be late for dinner," and she tripped lightly up the stairs, leaving the landlady to recover from her surprise.

There was a small vine-covered porch opening from the side entrance and here Gloria spent most of the afternoon. It was cool and quiet, and one could get an unobstructed view of the Sound. Wicker chairs, a hammock and a small table stood ready for use. Gloria sat in one of the cushioned chairs and gazed out upon the water, speedily becoming lost in thought.

"Miss Gilman!"

She looked up at the exclamation and was surprised to see Mr. Travis.

"What possible right have you to be sitting here?" he asked, standing hatless under the vine tassels about the entrance.

She smiled. She had a very sweet smile, he decided. He wondered if she never grew weary of life.

"Where else should I be?" she asked, meeting his quizzical look with one more mirthful.

"Why to church, to be sure. The fond parents will all be out to-night to meet 'Willie's teacher.'"

"I'm sorry to disappoint them," with a deprecating smile.

"No—you are not. You prefer staying here in this beautiful twilight. I thought it best to be home to-night myself and, in taking a little ramble, I noted the blue gown between the fine-leaved vines and journeyed thither."

"By the way, you are keeping me standing." He sank into the nearest chair.

"Jove! but you have a fine view here," he remarked in an appreciative tone, but the next moment his face was overcast, and Gloria could see that he looked wearied. She noticed the gray hairs on his temples and recalled what his aunt had told her regarding him. Instantly she wondered if she could be of any help to him.

"I have read *Science and Health* all day," remarked the man wearily, "only to feel tuckered out to-night." He looked questioningly into the bright face opposite.

"Oftentimes the revelation or understanding depends upon our attitude," said Gloria, softly. "Science demands for its understanding that we

put aside all prejudice, and become as a little child; that we have honesty of purpose and a sincere desire for Truth. In studying it carefully on these lines you will find the secret of its power."

"What do you mean by a 'sincere desire for Truth'?"

Gloria noticed how his manner had softened from that of the previous evening.

"Perhaps your study of Christian Science has been superficial. Do you read because you want to understand what it teaches and then be free to think as you like? Do you read it, thinking only to understand it intellectually? Or are you really in earnest in your desire to understand God; are you hungry for spiritual light? The Bible says that 'the letter killeth,' but that 'the spirit giveth life,' and that they who hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled."

The girl's voice was so soft and gentle that Travis felt it a rebuke to the turmoil of his own thoughts.

"I fear that I want to know all about it as you say, the same as I would about any other book. Of course I want to have my questions answered; in fact, I know of no other way to read. I've gone through that book five times, and I'll be

hanged if I can get head or tail to it. Pardon me, but that is how I feel about it."

Gloria earnestly desired to help him. "I have found if we read the book, not with scorn or criticism, but with an open mind and an humble desire to grasp this great Truth, that the understanding comes spontaneously. Would you like me to tell you how I learned to understand the book?" she asked a little wistfully.

"Understood it at the first glance, I presume," thought Arnold Travis. His pride was hurt to think that a slip of a girl could comprehend readily that which revealed in him such a density of thought.

"Yes, I would be glad to have you tell me," he said aloud.

"I did not come into Science to be healed. I just wanted to know how it healed others; and then, too, I thought it would be very nice to be able to discuss the subject with my friends, the same as I had heard many Christian Scientists fluently explain it."

Travis pulled himself together. "That's my feeling, exactly," he observed to himself.

"I was disappointed, however," continued the girl, gently, "for I read the book a year and it remained just so much Greek to me."

"Yes," she nodded in answer to Travis' look

of surprise. "I would read it, pore over it for hours; and then be so humiliated and chagrined that I could understand nothing in it, that I often tossed the book into a bureau drawer and left it there for a week."

Memory furnished Travis with the picture of an hour ago when his book had received none too courteous treatment. He had taken deliberate pains to put it at the very bottom of a great pile of books, with the hope that the likelihood of his reading it in the near future would be remote.

"But I always went back after it!" with a shrug of the fair shoulders.

"Jove! I wonder if she can be reading my thoughts," and he pictured himself removing the heavy books to bring out the little black one at the bottom of the pile.

"Please, go on," he said at last, his voice betraying his interest.

"After a time when I was sufficiently wearied with my searchings and a trifle humbler in thought, I went to a Christian Science friend—an ardent worker—and laid my thoughts bare before her. 'My dear,' she said to me, 'you are trying very hard to think it all out in your own way; now just put Gloria Gilman entirely out and let God govern. Return thanks for any sentence that you do

understand and do not argue over what seems to you to be contradictory in the book. Read less and ponder prayerfully over the little you grasp and by all means test what you read. If you read only one paragraph put it into practice that day, and you cannot help but find that for which you are seeking.' ”

Not one of the quiet words was lost upon the man who listened with absorbing interest. He felt somewhat pleased, though why he could not quite explain, that Gloria Gilman had read the book for a year before she understood it; he told himself that he had not quite reached that margin.

“ I shall follow your directions,” he remarked, “ though I do not see where I am going to test my knowledge.”

“ That's just what I said to my friend, and I will tell you her reply. ‘ You have many opportunities if you will but open your eyes to see them. Begin to-morrow and watch every word and act of yours and you will find plenty of employment.’ ”

“ H'm. Well, we shall see ”; and Travis meant to think more about it.

Gloria smiled at the moon. “ Look at that great golden disk rising behind the distant tree-tops. What a glorious evening!” and the girl gazed, rapturously, at the beautiful landscape.

“ Yes, Miss Gilman, look at the beautiful moon, the beautiful water, the exquisitely colored leaves, and then believe with Mrs. Eddy that none of these wonders exist! How—how is it understandable? Christian Science denies everything and leaves existence a dreary blank of unreality! ”

“ There is absolutely nothing in Mrs. Eddy’s writings that could be distorted into such a meaning,” said the girl in a quiet, firm voice. “ The statement that there is no matter is not meant to convey the idea that all the objects around us do not exist; and that man has no body; but it is equivalent to saying that these are not material, as they seem to be to the senses.

“ Christian Science teaches that, in our present immature condition we do not see things as they really are; that our sense of creation will improve in proportion as we progress spiritually. In the light of the spiritual teachings and facts of Scripture the material universe is but a changeable, destructible conception of the spiritual, perfect creation as pronounced in the first chapter of Genesis, ‘ very good.’ ”

Travis was so attentive that the girl continued:

“ The beauties of nature are not myths. If that which constitutes the universe could be seen as it really is, it would appear as much more glorious

as the infinite is to the finite. Christian Science does not teach that the universe is an illusion; on the contrary it teaches that God made all that was made, so everything in creation from the least to the greatest is real and exists as the product of Spirit."

"That's a wonderful help to me, Miss Gilman. Then this is really something," taking in with a look the beauties about him.

"Even advanced scientists agree that 'things are not what they seem,' and Berkeley long ago declared that there was 'no substance of matter, but only a substance of mind.' Professor Oswald of Leipzig University said that 'matter is a thing of thought, which we have constructed for ourselves rather imperfectly, to represent what is permanent in the changes of phenomena.' Huxley and Professor Bowne also confirm this belief."

"Then you think that the universe is spiritual?"

"Christian Science affirms that God's creation is spiritual and perfect like Himself; and that the so-called material universe—the 'heaven and earth' of our mortal experience—shall 'pass away'; and is but a mutable, destructible conception of the true, spiritual universe."

"I believe I'm beginning to see light," and

there was real joy in the man's voice. "You do not deny the universe but simply make everything spiritual, while everyone else considers it material."

"Yes, it is the misconception which is repudiated by Science, not the thing itself. However, we are not sufficiently spiritualized in thought to behold the spiritual creation; and so the appearance of creation to us is not what it really is, for we see the 'new heaven and the new earth' only in proportion as we discard our material ways of thinking for the spiritual. 'For if that which is done away was glorious, much more that which remaineth is glorious.'"

"Now I feel that my next reading of *Science and Health* will prove more fruitful. I believe that I shall understand it yet," he exclaimed with enthusiasm.

"God is leading you," said Gloria confidently. "He leads each one of us so wonderfully and in just the best way to meet our individual need—if we only let Him. You will understand if you but persevere a little longer."

"Did you understand it little by little?"

"No, I didn't," returned the girl. "After I talked with my Science friend, I made some real good resolutions and I kept them. I followed her directions and in a short time I found that my

thought had changed considerably. The old feeling of dissatisfaction and restlessness had vanished and I felt easier, and did not get disturbed over the reading. One day, after about a week, I was sitting by my window reading, when, like a flash, the meaning of a certain puzzling sentence came to me.

“It was so plain and clear that I just sat and wondered why I never had seen it that way before. So delighted was I that I commenced eagerly to read further, when to my delight every sentence seemed invested with pregnant meaning. It was as if I had been reading through a veil all the year, and now the obstruction was removed, and there stood those same sentences illumined and vibrant with meaning. The joy of that hour was beautiful and how I did rejoice in it!”

The girl's face was radiant with a soft light. “Since then the light has always remained and I never tire of the reading any more.”

“It surely was a divine purpose that led me here to-night. I live in hope; and thank you a thousand times for your kind patience.”

Gloria smiled in return, a gladness in her heart that another was on the way to his Father.

“See the moon is high, and the beautiful stars are twinkling us a good night.”

CHAPTER VII

GLORIA'S DEMONSTRATIONS

THE girl lingered a moment after he went. She felt very happy to-night and was loath to go inside.

She wondered where Mrs. Mitchell was as she left the piazza; it was long past church time. The hands of the china clock on the dining-room mantel pointed to ten and Gloria expected to hear the clear, sweet strokes of the pendulum when another sound attracted her attention. As she looked around Mrs. Mitchell opened the hall door.

"I'm glad that you're here, Miss Gilman; I thought you'd retired, not seeing a light in your room."

"I spent the evening on the piazza; but have been expecting you for some time."

"I stepped to the door to tell you that I was going to call on Muriel Lee after church; but you were talking with my nephew, so I didn't disturb you."

"Muriel Lee, what a pretty name!"

"Yes, and a dear, sweet child she is; but, ah, Miss Gilman! If you'd been with me to-night and heard her cry, and go on so," with a sad shake of the head, "I fear she can't last much longer."

"Why, what is the trouble? Is the child sick?" asked Gloria, with ready sympathy.

"She is not a child in years, my dear; I believe she's a little over twenty, but she has an incurable disease. She is a helpless invalid. The doctors do all they can to relieve her, but she suffers dreadfully; then, too, she has no mother, and you might say she has no father, for he travels most of the time. Just Muriel and the maids live in that great house next to your school."

"Why, I have always admired that house," exclaimed the girl; "but I remember now that I have never seen anyone there."

"Poor child! She has the nurse draw her couch to the window in the afternoon, and she told me to-night that she had seen you twice as you came out of school. You looked so full of joy and happiness it made her forget herself to watch you. She asked me to bring you to visit her. Will you go, Miss Gilman?"

"Oh, I shall be very glad to go," responded Gloria, warmly. "Let me know when you are at liberty and I shall be ready to accompany you."

"I did not tell her that you are a Christian Scientist," continued Mrs. Mitchell, saying what was uppermost in her thought.

"I shall not speak of it to her, if you had rather I should not."

"Well, no, it's not just that," as if uncertain how to proceed. "I believe in Christian Science to help some folks; and I know that mind over matter does a whole lot sometimes; but if you've got to think you're well until you are so, I guess it will take Muriel Lee a long time."

"We do not believe in such a practice as that," said the girl, emphatically.

Mrs. Mitchell opened her eyes a little wider. "Don't you believe that there is no sickness, and that pain and disease are not real?" she asked, wishing to show her knowledge of the subject and inwardly anxious to learn just what Christian Science did teach.

"If there is no sin or sickness then why do the Christian Scientists devote their time to the struggle which has for its object the destruction of disease? The greater part of every Christian Science practitioner's day, and oftentimes much of his night, is taken up with an incessant effort to overcome disease and pain. Christian Science does not teach that sickness has no existence in the

ordinary sense of the word; but it distinguishes between the real or the absolute, and the unreal or subjective condition of the human mind."

"It may be all mind as you say, but when I have a pain in my head it seems real, all right."

"Of course it seems real to you, Mrs. Mitchell, and I should not try to make you believe that it did not seem real. The word 'real' is used in Christian Science to describe that which is eternal and indestructible; so a headache cannot be real in the sense that it is everlasting, can it?"

"Well, no. I never thought there was so much in that little word to quarrel about. Where did you get that definition from?"

"Webster gives the definition of 'reality' as 'fact' and he defines 'fact' as 'truth' or 'actuality.' Now you cannot destroy a truth, can you?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, then, if 'reality' means a 'truth,' it means something which is indestructible, and that which is indestructible is eternal, is it not?" pursued the girl.

"Well, it must be, I should say."

"Can you do away with pain?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then it cannot be real, if you are consistent with your definition of a moment ago."

"Ah, I see!" said the woman, cheerfully. "You don't deny that we believe we have the pain, and when we seem to have it," she added with a laugh, "you say it's not real, because you know that Christian Science can remove it."

"What progress, Mrs. Mitchell! That is very good, indeed."

Mrs. Mitchell had grown fond of the girl already, and as they were both standing by the table she passed her arm around Gloria's waist and gave her a warm, little hug. "My dear, I'm going to think that all over again when I am tucked in my bed to-night. Now I shall not feel like scolding you if you tell me that I have not a *real* headache; for I shall understand what you mean."

Gloria returned the pressure as her glad eyes looked into those of her companion.

"I believe that I just want you to talk with Muriel Lee about Christian Science, because it might do her a world of good."

"We shall see," answered Gloria, softly. "If we trust Love to guide us we cannot make any mistakes. Now I'm truly going to bed," and with a smiling good-night she was gone.

"She certainly is a bright one," observed the woman taking up a Webster from the desk and

spending some little time in search of the word "reality."

"Sure enough! Here it is!" she exclaimed. "I'm going to ask her some day if I can read her *Science and Health*. I don't believe I'd dare touch it without her permission," as if the temptation to do so occurred to her.

Then the woman's mind returned to the sick girl whom she had left, and with a heavy sigh she sought her room for the night. Early the next morning when Mrs. Mitchell wakened she thought she heard sounds in Gloria's room. "It can't be that she is up at this hour," thought the woman as she glanced at the closed door. "Five o'clock is much too early for girls to rise; they should be getting their beauty sleep!"

As she passed Gloria's door on her way downstairs she distinctly heard her moving about in the room. "I wonder if she reads that book through before she goes to school!"

Meanwhile Gloria was fully dressed and in her place at the window, her books before her.

She had awakened early, with a vague feeling of something pending. For a moment she could not place the trouble, then like a flash it came over her. She was to play in the assembly hall to-day! Her heart beat fast and she was wide awake in

a moment. "To think that I forgot it all day yesterday," thought she, reproaching herself. Then came the memory of the beautiful sacred hour in "The Retreat," and the uplift she had experienced during that moment of silent prayer, when she had decided to leave it all with God.

A happy expression soon chased the cloud from the fair face. "Why, of course!" as if admonishing herself. "I decided to trust God and so it never occurred to me again during the whole day. But now *to know!*"

She bowed her head in her hands. Never as then did her whole being reach out for divine help and strength. She knew that she must rid herself of nervousness and fear if ever the task of that morning were to be accomplished.

Silently she declared her oneness with divine strength, divine intelligence, divine Mind; silently she denied the seeming power of fear, weakness, or failure, and affirmed her birthright as a child of God.

"Surely, 'I can of mine own self do nothing,'" she thought as she opened the Bible.

It was Gloria Gilman's disposition never to shirk a task; never to give up without many a trial; but here was something entirely different from anything she had ever yet faced. Here was something

which, humanly speaking, she was not capable of doing. Besides the extreme nervousness and fear with which she must battle, there was the actual task of reading the notes which mortal sense told her was impossible. "Suppose I should fail!" and then rose up before her the children's bright faces, their growing confidence and great respect for her—would it not be terrible if this should be lost! Rebuking herself for her lack of trust, she opened her precious Bible in consonance with the Lesson of the day, and these words greeted her waiting thought: "Have I not commanded thee? Be strong, be of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

The girl's face glowed with a singular radiance as she pored over the beloved words. "Surely I have confidence in God's ability; and not with self-reliance, but with God-reliance shall I be able to fulfill this duty."

With these thoughts surging through her being, she next opened the key to the Bible—*Science and Health*.

She read absorbingly for a half hour, now and then looking off, as if to realize the meaning of a particular passage. Suddenly her eyes lighted and she sat back in her chair. She need not read any

more, there was just what she had been hoping to find, and she eagerly, thirstingly drank in the words: "Whatever it is your duty to do, you can do without harm to yourself."* "It is a duty and I cannot fail," she assured herself as she decided to put the task from her thought until the duty confronted her. i

She spent the rest of the time in planning the duties for the day, and in arranging the already immaculate room.

On her way to school she was very happy and a feeling of great peace was with her; for all anxiety had flown.

Some of the little girls were waiting for her at the end of the walk and accompanied her up to the steps. "Dear thoughts of God!" she exclaimed, as she pressed their little hands.

"We are ready, Miss Gilman." Mr. Travis looked searchingly into the slightly paled face.

With a steady step Gloria approached the piano and placed the music before her. Her manner was calm and bore no appearance of nervousness, though her eyes shone like stars and looked directly in front of her. A new teacher, and a beautiful one at that, was enough to hold the attention of the hundred eyes.

* "Science and Health," p. 385.

But Gloria Gilman was oblivious of all.

She told herself afterward that she never really knew just what happened or how she played. She was totally unconscious of teachers, principal and scholars; unconscious altogether of herself. Her fingers moved, and the music came, and came fluently and correctly, that was all she knew. She played the hymns, too, as if in a dream, while the children sang the old, familiar airs.

"I must have been mistaken," observed the principal to himself, as Miss Gilman was playing the last march and the children were passing to their respective rooms. "I must have been mistaken about her hesitancy last Friday. But she is certainly a wonderful young woman," as he approached her.

"Everything went off finely, Miss Gilman." He noted the starry eyes that appeared to be looking directly at him, yet seemed unconscious of him, and the rosy color that was now spreading well over the fair face.

She smiled her thanks and hastened to her classroom.

"It was over," she kept telling herself again and again. While the children were preparing for the morning's work, the happy, joyous heart of their

teacher was mutely giving thanks for the great victory.

“I did not see a soul in the great room,” thought she, “and in fact I was conscious only of myself when it was all over.”

Her very being flooded with intense gratitude, and she turned her eyes away from the class as she felt them fill with grateful, heartfelt tears that could not be repressed.

“Who is so great a God as our God?” rang jubilantly through her thought.

CHAPTER VIII

IN THE SCHOOL ROOM

IN the afternoon an event occurred which caused a little stir in the quiet class room.

A drawing lesson had been assigned. The children loved the drawing hour, and this was the first lesson they had had with their new teacher. The papers, pencils, and brushes had been passed and soon all were intent upon their work.

A boy in the front seat had been casting furtive glances at one in the back of the room, and then again at his teacher. Finally, he wrote something on a piece of paper and quietly slipped it on Miss Gilman's desk. She let her eyes fall to the written lines:

"Joe Congdon hates drawing. Better watch him."

Her lips twitched. Here was a boy quietly warning her of danger, when but a short time ago he would have been only too delighted to participate in any excitement. Her eyes thanked him, then glanced toward the back of the room.

At the same moment young Congdon threw himself violently to the floor, crumpled up his drawing, and sat angry and sullen.

The children were used to his violent actions, and ordinarily would have continued with their work, but now they were anxious to see what course the new teacher would pursue.

"Children, kindly go on with your work." The voice was unmistakably kind but commanding. The heads immediately bent in response, but more than one pair of ears were waiting for some sound from the boy in the corner.

They knew that when Joe Congdon was sulky and "mad clean through," that it was advisable to leave him alone.

There was now a deadly stillness in the room, and the teacher felt that careful action must be taken. For a moment she declared the likeness of God's little ones to Himself; declared that all space was filled with divine Love, and hatred had no power or place.

"Joseph, will you come here, please?" The voice rang out clear in the quiet room.

Joseph did not move.

The teacher looked directly at him, although his eyes were fastened to the floor. She paused a moment, then in the same gentle, even voice she

repeated her request. He looked up, and meeting her eyes, rose and sulkily approached her desk.

Joseph was but a little fellow, and as Gloria saw the small face—dark and sullen—and the little hands all covered with ink, a feeling of great compassion swept over her.

Perhaps he did not have the ability to draw like the rest of the children, or perhaps he had not received so much attention from the teachers.

These thoughts made a particularly kind and loving expression come into the teacher's face as she took one of the inky, little hands and gently pulled the boy to her. Turning her chair slightly away from the class, she began to talk to him in a low, gentle tone.

The children, seeing that nothing more exciting was to happen, soon busied themselves with their drawings.

“Do you feel happy when you so lose control of yourself as you have this afternoon, Joseph?”

The quiet, soothing voice touched the lad. He lowered his head, but made no reply.

“Do you know that there is a way to rid yourself of the feeling that makes you want to be cross? There is a power which some call God, or we will call it—Love. Love is all around us, ever ready to respond to our call for help. When we feel

tempted to be irritated or cross, if we only think of this Love for a moment, the bad feeling will leave us."

"I never heard that before." The eyes were still downcast, but the voice showed interest.

"Another thing is this. You may think that you can't draw as well as the other boys. You may try just as hard as they do, but somehow or other you make mistakes, and then everything goes wrong."

The blue eyes now looked up into the loving, brown ones.

This teacher understood him. The other teachers had scolded him; but she knew how he had tried and failed, and he loved her for it.

"Now there is a way which, if you will follow, will help you to draw just as well as the other boys, and it is this——"

The boy was listening attentively.

"This same Love that I spoke about will help you with your drawing. We are all Love's children, and we all can do things well, and it's right that we should. You have a right to as much ability to draw as the other boys in your grade, and when you think that you can't draw well, you are thinking something that is not altogether true.

"Just say over to yourself that you *can* draw, because Love gives you power to do it; and that Love helps each child alike. If you will think this over to yourself you will find that your work will equal that of the rest, dear."

The sullen expression had gone, and the eyes were bright and eager as they looked into the teacher's face.

"Now take a clean piece of drawing paper and try again; this time think what I have said to you."

"May I sit here?" pointing to a seat near her desk.

"Yes," she said with a smile.

An unheard of thing had happened, and the children could not account for it, as the boy walked quietly to his desk, gathered up his working materials, and, after seating himself in the front of the room, cheerfully began another drawing.

Formerly no force or persuasion could induce Joseph Congdon to start another drawing after he had ruined the first one.

After working a few minutes, the boy slipped from his seat and approached the teacher's desk. She was writing and did not notice him until he whispered in a confidential tone:

"Will you please think for me, too?"

The teacher gave him a smile and a nod fully satisfactory to him, and he returned without another word to his work.

The drawing period was nearly at an end when the door opened and the principal entered. He had been in but once before, and Gloria was glad that the room was so quiet and the children so absorbed with their work.

He talked with her about some new rules which he was about to put into force regarding the marching out of the children at the close of the day. He wished Miss Gilman to go downstairs and stand at the front entrance while the children passed out. She promptly said she would comply with his request.

Mr. Travis noticed the quietness of the room and remarked the cheerful faces before him.

As the teacher turned toward the class she saw Joseph's eyes look wistfully at her and then at his drawing. Gloria was very quick to comprehend the thoughts of the children, and understood at a moment what was in the boy's mind.

She nodded her head affirmatively, and Joseph Congdon proudly picked up his drawing and brought it forward.

The principal took it and commended the lad warmly upon the neatness and accuracy of his

work, while a knowing smile from his teacher rewarded him.

"You are doing wonders with the boy," Mr. Travis said, as Joseph went to his seat; "and, in fact, great commendation is due you for the remarkable work you have already accomplished." His eyes again sought the bright faces before him.

The teacher flushed with girlish exultation.

After he had gone the drawings were collected and put safely away, and the children prepared to go home.

When all was in readiness and the lines well in order, the teacher stepped into the hall and passed down the long stairway, as the principal had requested. She stood between the double files of children as they passed through the hall and out of the door into the street.

There was many a happy "Good night, Miss Gilman," as the groups marched by her.

As Joseph Congdon reached her side he put out his little hand and pressed hers. That simple act brought Gloria the happiest moment she had known in Mapleville.

"Well, Mrs. Mitchell, here I am again," and Gloria tripped lightly up the steps.

"I've been watching for you. Can you go to

Muriel Lee's with me this afternoon?" inquired the woman.

"I shall be glad to go."

"Your wholesome smile will do her good, I know. Shall you change your gown?"

"Yes; but it will take only a few minutes."

"A good-hearted girl. Oh, if only she could do poor Muriel some good! Well, Lucy Briggs says that a niece of hers was cured of something just as bad, and only had a few of those treatments; but I shouldn't wonder if Lucy Briggs had exaggerated it to fix it up pretty. She does like to make things sound big."

Martha Mitchell's soliloquy was here interrupted by the sound of approaching steps, and a pink-gowned figure emerged upon the piazza.

"Land's sakes!" as her sharp eyes took in the whole figure at a glance. "And pink is Muriel's favorite color, too."

Chatting pleasantly, they soon reached the Lee home and were conducted to Muriel's room. Mrs. Mitchell had sent word of their coming, and the sick girl had anxiously watched the hands of the little gold clock.

As the two entered the spacious room, upon the couch, which had been drawn up to the window, lay the wasted form of Muriel Lee. The

blonde head was outlined against the big blue satin pillow which had been brought from the parlor at her request. It was a rich shade of blue, that made an effective background for the sweet, little face.

She greeted her guests warmly, and Gloria returned the pressure as their hands clasped.

"I really know you," said the gentle voice, as she motioned Gloria to a chair near her couch. "I have seen you three times as you were leaving school, but of course it wasn't as good as this," she said naïvely, and her blue eyes spoke their admiration as they rested appreciatively on the pink-clad girl.

"Don't you love Mrs. Mitchell?" she asked, with a warm look at the woman who had been such a kind friend.

"Indeed I do," heartily agreed Gloria.

"She brings me custards and such lovely jellies; and she often reads to me from the Bible," lowering her voice as if the subject were sacred.

Suddenly a spasm of pain crossed the sweet face, and Muriel quickly covered her tear-filled eyes with her wasted little hands. For several moments she lay thus. Mrs. Mitchell was accustomed to these periods, and knew that there was nothing to do but to wait for the paroxysm to pass.

Gloria's eyes were persistently looking away.

In a few minutes the hands returned to the pretty, silk quilt that covered the wasted form, while the gentle voice resumed:

“ You will please pardon me, but I did so yearn to see you, and I thought that I could stand it.” Here the voice had a little catch in it that went straight to Gloria’s heart. “ I’m sure that I shall feel easier soon. Will you wait? ”

Mrs. Mitchell nodded reassuringly, but Gloria’s eyes were still turned upon the out-of-doors.

When the pain had subsided, the colorless lips smiled faintly. Gloria returned the look with a loving glance and a softening of the earnest, brown eyes.

“ You have a lovely couch,” she said in cheery tones; “ and what a beautiful pillow!” as her eyes rested on the blue satin.

“ Yes, the couch is comfortable. Father had it made especially for me; and the pillow I thought would make the room look bright. Oh, but it would be so much nicer if I could walk about as you do!” The yearning tone smote painfully upon the two listeners.

“ Indeed it would, dear,” Gloria returned, with a loving glance, adding softly: “ And sometime you will, I hope.”

Muriel Lee had but little love to brighten the

weary years, and her face glowed at the term of endearment, while the blue eyes looked away. Gloria noted the quivering lips and averted eyes, with a feeling of deep tenderness in her heart for the long-suffering one.

“No, I never expect to walk again.” She shook her head sadly. “The doctors all say that I shall be an invalid for the rest of my life, and that I will never stand on my feet again. I think that I could bear that,” in a tone of indescribable pathos, “but this dreadful pain all over my body often makes me wish that I could die and go right to God.”

“But dying will not bring you health, Miss Lee; and since you belong to God, you are as near to Him now as you would be then.”

Muriel Lee opened her blue eyes in bewilderment at these gently spoken words, and then rested her gaze upon Mrs. Mitchell, as if in explanation of so strange a speech.

The woman gave a nervous, little cough and came nearer to Muriel's couch. “I'm going to let you two young folks talk together now. I brought Miss Gilman here to introduce her—I am sure that she can find her way home,” with a smile at Gloria. “Now I'm going to run back, because, you know, I have supper to prepare, and I believe I promised my folks some ice-cream for to-night.

My nephew never forgets to have quite a wholesome appetite for cream, and I must not disappoint him."

"You will come again soon?" queried Muriel, as she lifted her face to be kissed. "You know I love to have you."

"Yes, dear, I will be here soon again," and with another smile she left the two girls alone.

"'Two is company, three is a crowd' sometimes," thought Mrs. Mitchell, as she hurried home. "I am glad to leave those young ones together; they can speak more freely alone. But what was that about dying?" as her thought wandered back to the conversation in the sick room. "'Dying will not bring you health.' H'm! That's a queer idea! But who ever expects to see invalids in heaven!"

CHAPTER IX

MURIEL LEE

"BRING your chair closer, please, Miss Gilman. I like to watch you when you talk." The voice was earnest as the wistful eyes sought her companion.

"But what was that you said? Oh, yes," in a wondering tone, "dying will not make me well"—a pause—"and I am just as near to God now as I would be then."

The blue eyes looked bewilderingly into the brown ones. "I've been praying to die. Do you think that is wrong?" she asked, softly.

Gloria looked into the patient, little face.

"But Jesus the great Teacher never taught that one must die in order to be well, or to go to heaven."

"Ah! Christ had power to make one well before he reached heaven; but, Miss Gilman, I know that I never can be well until I reach there."

"Where do you think heaven is, dear?"

The thin, little face looked troubled, as she re-

plied: "Why—I never really asked myself that. It is up there, isn't it?" pointing to the beautiful, blue sky.

"Neither shall they say, Lo, here! or, Lo, there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you.'"

"Then there would be no heaven for me," groaned the quivering lips.

"Oh, yes! We each have the same right to gain heaven, if we will but follow Jesus' teachings. It has been the popular belief that in order to enter heaven we must die, but 'the kingdom of heaven is *at hand*,' right here, not off in the sky somewhere."

"But what do you think heaven is?" asked the sick girl in astonishment.

Gloria's expressive eyes brightened, and she said, after a moment's hesitation:

"I believe that heaven is not a locality, but a condition of thought. Heaven is harmony—the realization of love, health, holiness, and perfection. It is not dying, but *living* in the highest sense that enables us to enter this happy condition."

"Ah! How beautifully you talk! Yes, it would be heaven to me right now if I were well. But"—tremulously—"I can't live."

"God is Love, and you need not die," said Gloria softly.

Muriel stretched out both little hands, and Gloria clasped them warmly while her loving eyes searched the yearning face bent toward her.

"But what is there to keep me alive? Last night I looked up at the beautiful, twinkling stars and prayed as never before that God would send me light—something to tell me how to think. I think all day; I think all night, and, ah, it is all so mixed—this pain, this beautiful world, and God! Don't mind how I talk, Miss Gilman, for my thought is so confused. Ah, what is God and what am I?" Here the little form shook and hot tears streamed down the hollow cheeks. Gloria wound her arms around the slender figure and, with swimming eyes, said:

"Dear heart, God is Life, and you are His perfect child."

The sobs stopped. "God is Life, and you said before that I belong to God and couldn't die. It sounds different from anything I have ever heard—more comforting. But where did you learn it?" asked the girl, the tears still wet on her cheeks.

"I learned these truths through the study of Christian Science."

"Christian—Science?" and the words fell slowly, softly from the quivering lips. "What beauti-

ful words! I never heard them used together before."

"You never heard of Christian Science!" in amazement.

"No," and now Muriel looked up wonderingly. "What is Christian Science?"

Gloria's heart pulsated with joy as she thought, "What a vista lies before this dear girl!"

"Christian Science is the religion of the Bible, dear."

Ah, the gentle purity in the depths of those eyes as they looked with child-like trust into Gloria's radiant face!

"The religion of the Bible—then it heals?" The words came hesitatingly, tremulously.

"Yes, Christian Science is the spiritual science of treating sin, sickness, and disease," answered Gloria, a happy ring in her voice.

"But how can one know about it? I don't understand."

For answer Gloria opened the small, silk bag which she had on her lap, and taking out a little book, handed it to Muriel, who grasped it eagerly. "Cleanse the lepers—cast out demons—heal the sick—raise the dead," she read, as her fingers followed the gold letters. "That is what Jesus said."

"Yes, and Jesus said also, 'Verily, verily, I

say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also.' ”

“ And does this book say that these works can be done *now*? ”

“ Yes.

“ Who does them? ”

“ Anyone who understands and obeys the teachings of the Master, as explained in *Science and Health*, can heal the sick; and hundreds have been healed by merely reading the book.”

“ Healed by reading this book! ” exclaimed the sick girl, as if she had not heard aright.

“ Yes, hundreds have been healed simply by reading *Science and Health*,” reiterated Gloria, with simple positiveness.

Muriel opened the book, a strange tremor taking possession of her. A question had come into her mind; but, no, it couldn't be true, she told herself—she must not ask it. Her eyes caught the words, “ *Key to the Scriptures*.” “ Yes, that is what I need,” she said, repeating the words aloud. “ I do love my Bible, Miss Gilman, but somehow I cannot understand it. Will this explain it to me? ”

“ Yes, that will give you a clear and practical understanding of the Bible.”

Muriel tried to raise herself, and Gloria quickly

rendered assistance, bolstering the head with the pretty, soft cushions. "There, now, I can think better. Thank you so much," as she began turning the leaves of the flexible, little book.

Suddenly she paused and read aloud these words: "It is our ignorance of God, the divine Principle, which produces apparent discord, and the right understanding of Him restores harmony." *

"Does that mean, 'makes you well'?" demanded the trembling voice.

"Yes. It is because we have all thought wrong about God for so many years that we have been sick," explained Gloria; "and as soon as we understand Him—come to see that He is Love, Life, Mind, Truth, and never causes sickness or sorrow—why, this understanding does away with our sickness, discord, or sadness, just the same," continued the sweet voice, "as light dispels darkness, or understanding does away with ignorance."

"I am full of darkness," said the sad voice, anxiously.

"But you won't be any longer, dearie, because the light is there," pointing lovingly to the book, now clasped in the little, white hands, "and when

* "Science and Health," p. 390.

you see the light all the pain and sadness will leave you."

Yes, yes, she must ask the question. Her breath came in little pants, while the thin frame shook with the rapid beating of the throbbing heart. Then, as if she could stand the suspense no longer, she turned her eyes appealingly upon Gloria.

"If I found the light in this book, would—would it heal me—make me well?"

"Yes, dear."

"Make me walk?"

"Yes," with a positive shake of the head, as she brushed the happy tears from her starry eyes.

"Make you every whit whole."

"Oh!" she gasped, breathlessly. "I do really feel as if it were true."

"It is as true as truth itself."

"But who wrote these wonderful things?" giving attention again to the book.

"Over forty years ago, Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, a New England woman, through prayer and a conscientious study of the Bible, discovered the principle of Christian healing and made it known to humanity."

"How good and pure she must have been to have God reveal such wonderful things to her! I

love her already," she murmured, softly. "Then this is what makes you so happy and glad," she continued, as she looked into the radiant face of her companion. "And I shall look that way, too—I shall be well, and I shall have glad eyes," she repeated, as if to sustain a wild hope. "It must be right to be well, then," she said, starting a new trend of thought.

"Indeed it is. Jesus taught that man has a perfect, unquestioned right to be well. You remember that he destroyed the works of the devil?"

"Then you think that sickness is the work of the devil?" asked the girl, as if this logic were altogether new to her.

"An evil thing must surely come from an evil source. No one believes that sickness is intrinsically good. When Jesus healed the crooked woman he did not say that she was suffering from rheumatism, but spoke of her as one whom 'Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years.' Man is made perfect, to have dominion over everything. Jesus never would have healed the sick were it not right for them to be well."

"Yes, I'm sure it must be right to be well," said Muriel, hopefully. "But how is the healing accomplished?"

"'Be ye transformed by the renewing of your

mind,' and, 'Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.' "

"I know that Jesus healed, because he was the Son of God. He gave his disciples this power, too"—and here the voice was unspeakably sad—"but the healing work stopped when Jesus went away."

"It was not the bodily presence of Jesus that healed the sick or saved the world, Miss Lee. It was the *mind* in Christ Jesus that was the world's redeemer. The healing did continue for about three hundred years after Jesus' time; but because of departure from the high spiritual understanding which made this healing possible, it fell into disuse, excepting for the occasional instances of the healing of the sick through prayer."

"But my sickness seems such a part of me, Miss Gilman; and the doctors—the very best ones—say that it is incurable."

"A similar verdict has been pronounced on hundreds of cases that have afterward been healed through Christian Science. This truth heals, even though human knowledge affirms the case to be fatal. There is a divine remedy for all the discords of earth. It is the privilege of all to learn of this remedy and to experience its healing, saving power.

“ Jesus fulfilled the law of God, and he healed the sick as well as the sinful. He said: ‘ I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly,’ and Paul tells us that ‘ the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.’ ”

Every word fell with gentle benediction from the confident, calm lips, while the white, transparent face of the invalid seemed illumined as she embraced the inspiring thoughts.

“ And for forty years people have been using this method of healing, and I have never heard of it!” exclaimed the girl, sadly. The next moment a sunny smile, like the burst of sunshine from under a cloud, broke over Muriel’s face as she added confidently: “ But I have heard of it now, and I am going to search for the light until I find it.”

“ ‘ Whoso findeth me, findeth life,’ ” quoted Gloria, gently. “ Have you a Bible handy, Miss Lee? ”

“ Yes, there it is on the table,” pointing to a small stand near the couch.

Gloria took the book and handed it to her companion. “ Will you please find Psalms 118, and read the seventeenth verse? ”

Slowly and with tremulous lips came the words:

“ ‘ I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.’ ”

A little silence fell between them.

At last the sick one lifted her sweet, blue eyes and pushed back the yellow, tumbled hair. A rapturous, ecstatic smile played about her pale lips. “ I feel that you have told me the truth, and that I shall find the light. What wonderful words they are!” reading the verse the second time. “ I want to know God better. I shall seek with such earnestness that only God can know.” A holy, inspired look animated her face as she clasped the little, black book to her bosom.

Gloria was deeply touched by the girl’s great fervency and child-like trust. Taking the lighted face within her palms, she said: “ And I am sure it will not take you long to find the healing light. Spiritual healing is not the perquisite of any one; it is the privilege of every one to know and prove this living truth. And now I’m going to leave you with your little treasure.”

“ Oh! must you go?” said Muriel regretfully, as Gloria rose. “ How good you have been to me! I love you already,” she murmured, softly, as she caught Gloria’s hand and kissed it repeatedly. “ But you will come again? I shall count the hours till I see you.”

"Of course," answered Gloria, seating herself on the edge of the couch and clasping the little hands warmly in her own, "I shall come again—and I am sure I shall find you improved."

"You look so young to know so many wonderful things. I am older than you are, and see how little I know! Will you tell me how old you are?"

"Twenty-two."

"And I'm twenty-four. Only two years' difference."

Gloria could see the traces that pain and despair had marked on the pretty face, which looked childish in spite of its years. The hair fell in soft, little ripples around the temples, and the fluffy rows of lace vainly endeavored to hide the thinness of the white neck.

"Just to think, to wear a dress once more!" and a touchingly wistful look came across the sunken cheeks. "I have not been dressed nor have I stood on my feet in seven years!"

"But you will be dressed, and you will walk, too," Gloria assured her, "when you have found the light."

"It would make me so happy if I might call you 'Gloria.'"

"You certainly may, Muriel."

"Will you—may I kiss you?" pleaded the

tremulous voice. She was hungry for love. She lifted her pale face to the radiant one looking down at her. Gloria warmly returned the caresses.

“Now good-by, Muriel, dear. Remember you live in God, you move and have your being in Him; and it is your perfect right to reflect all that He bestows upon us—all health, joy, and happiness. I know that you will find the light,” her eyes lingering with a sacred look upon the sick one. With a parting smile she had gone, closing the door softly behind her.

“God’s child has liberty, freedom, and boundless bliss,” she thought as she walked swiftly homeward.

“If we could all have such beautiful, child-like trust as Muriel Lee! ‘And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.’”

Here her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of quick footsteps behind her.

CHAPTER X

THE REVELATION

“WAIT, Miss Gilman, and I will join you!”

The girl instantly recognized Mr. Travis' voice.

“I shall be glad to,” she answered pleasantly, as she paused.

“The beauty of the day tempted me to stroll down by the Sound. We need something to invigorate us after adapting ourselves to the young idea all day. Have you been of the same mind also?” he inquired, as they walked along with quick, even steps.

“No, the water did not tempt me to-day; and I never walk just to gain from exercise.”

Travis looked disconcerted. “I should have remembered,” he said at last. “I suppose you have grounds for your reasoning?”

“Yes; the Bible says, ‘Bodily exercise profiteth little.’”

“I never heard of it before. However, your knowledge on that subject is more extensive than

mine, no doubt. But," he persisted, "do you not enjoy a good, brisk walk in the early morning or in the cool of the evening?"

"Immensely."

"Then where is the logic?" he replied, laughing in a lenient fashion.

Gloria gave a little laugh. "The logic is this: When I take one of those beautiful walks it is for enjoyment. I do not walk expecting or anticipating that it will make me healthier or bring about a desired condition in my body."

"H'm. I see!" with a little whistle.

As they neared the house, Gloria remarked the spacious lawn around the pretty cottage.

A sudden idea took possession of Travis.

"Do you play games, Miss Gilman?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"We-ll—I thought that it might be too gay, you know."

"Oh, you're making a mistake, Mr. Travis. A Christian Scientist enjoys life. In fact, the knowledge of what life really is makes one more joyous, a brighter individual and a merrier and better friend."

Arnold Travis regarded the expressive face in silence.

At last he spoke. "Do you play croquet?"

"I know about the game, but it is several years since I had a mallet in my hand."

"You can't forget, though," returned the other, tentatively.

"Of course not," laughed the girl, as she returned his smile with one more mirthful.

"That would be a fine spot for a croquet ground," pointing to a spot near the pretty vine-covered porch. "See how even and smooth it is!"

"We would have to consult Mrs. Mitchell," observed Gloria.

"That will be an easy matter," laughed Travis, well knowing his aunt's pleasing propensities.

"It needs four to make the game interesting." Then, after a moment's thought: "I will furnish the second gentleman, if you will entice some fair maiden from her seclusion to this delightful spot."

"Very well, I promise," a happy smile parting the red lips.

"I'll get Aunt Martha's consent, and have the lawn in readiness for Friday afternoon. You will not fail me?"

"Decidedly not."

Gloria smiled as she hastened to her room to remove her hat and arrange some truant locks before appearing for supper.

"I wonder how Muriel Lee is?" thought Mrs. Mitchell the second day after her visit there. "I meant to have run over last night; but I'll surely go after supper to-night. Muriel says the evenings are so long."

To tell the truth, Martha Mitchell had an unusual amount of curiosity. Many times since Monday afternoon had she seen the sick, little figure on the sofa and the calm, earnest face of the young teacher gazing down at her.

"I'd like to know just what she told her about her religion and how the dear child took it," she soliloquized. "I know it can't do her any harm, if it don't do her any good. It would be a mighty miracle, though, if ever Muriel walks. But Lucy Briggs says it's possible she'd get right up as soon as the prayer was said over her; but then Lucy——"

Here her meditation was interrupted by a ring of the bell. With a hasty glance in the mirror and a look into the parlor to see if every chair was at its proper angle, she started toward the door.

"The minister, most likely," she thought, with slightly quickened pulse, as she opened the door.

"Muriel! Muriel Lee!" Consternation paralyzed the woman, and for a moment she looked around instinctively for somewhere to sit down;

but changing her mind, she clung breathlessly to the door with trembling hands. She had a sensation which she knew to be either hysteria or a faint.

"Won't you let me in?" said the girl, in a sweet, joyous voice. Her face was wreathed in happy smiles, but Mrs. Mitchell saw only the starry eyes gazing at her.

"Am I dreaming or am I awake?" gasped the astonished woman, as she put her hand on Muriel's arm.

"It is I, Mrs. Mitchell, Muriel Lee, alive and well. See, I can walk! I have no pain, and, oh, I'm so happy! so happy! Don't look so scared! I thought you'd be so happy with me."

For answer the woman fell incontinently into the divan near the door, and sat staring at the apparition in a bewildered fashion. She had dreamed of this very thing happening, but now she was totally unprepared for it.

"I can't just make it out. You are Muriel, to be sure, though I'm afraid I shall wake up and find it all a dream," and quick tears filled her eyes.

"I shouldn't have surprised you so. It was too great a shock, and I'm so sorry," said the girl, as she fell on her knees and put her arms around her kind friend. "I was so happy, and I have thought all day how I would let you know."

Mrs. Mitchell here drew the little figure to her and hugged and kissed her alternately. "Of course I am glad, so glad for you. But it will take me a little time to get used to it."

"Well, you may have all the time you wish, for I fear you will see much of me now," rejoined the girl, as she seated herself.

"My dear child, tell me, what have you done!"

"Why, it came as I was reading the book," said Muriel simply.

"The book?"

"Yes, dear Mrs. Eddy's book, *Science and Health*."

"Did not Miss Gilman pray for you?"

"Not that I know of. She told me if I found the light in the book that it would heal me, and it did," she finished softly. "But what time will Gloria be here?"

"She may come any time now, for school is out. See, the children are going by the house!"

"I want to surprise her," said the girl. "Please leave me alone in here and send Gloria in when she comes."

They had not long to wait, for Gloria soon made her appearance.

"What's the trouble, Mrs. Mitchell?" she asked as soon as she looked at that lady. "Your face has

so many different expressions all at once!" And Gloria laughed out gayly. "You haven't fallen heir to a fortune, have you?"

"Well, perhaps I have," returned the other, with mingled feelings. "A fortune awaits you, though!"

"You don't say," and Gloria looked at her quizzically. "Don't keep me waiting. I see you have a surprise on hand. Do tell me."

"There is something, for you—in—the—parlor"—and here her voice faltered as a vision of Muriel Lee rose before her.

Gloria did not wait for further information but with quickened steps opened the parlor door.

"Muriel!"

"Gloria!"

What Mrs. Mitchell saw made her swallow hard as she turned suddenly and left the room.

Gloria was the first to break the silence, as she unwound her arms from the slim figure and led her to the divan.

"It makes me think of a verse we had in our Lesson from Ezekiel not long ago. 'And ye shall know that I am the Lord, when I have opened your graves . . . and shall put my spirit in you, and ye shall live, and I shall place you in your own

land; then shall ye know that I the Lord have spoken it, and performed it, saith the Lord!’ ”

“ Yes, that is it,” echoed Muriel, “ I was really taken from a living grave.”

“ Tell me about it,” Gloria said softly.

“ When you left me Monday afternoon I seemed to know that all you told me was true, and before I opened the book to read I thanked God again and again for sending you to me. I don’t remember where I opened the book, but at some place near the middle, I think, and I read on until Alice came in to light the gas. I was totally unconscious of time, oblivious of everything, save the beautiful words I was reading.

“ I had never been able to read more than half an hour at a time, because it caused such bad headaches, but now all was changed. I read until Alice brought me my supper. I remembered a sentence in which Mrs. Eddy said that we should eat without fear of results, so I told Alice to bring me a good, hearty supper as I felt so hungry.

“ I enjoyed my meal and ate what I had not dared to touch in years—crullers; but I never thought of my supper again, for I simply devoured the little book the rest of the evening.

“ Before I closed the book that night it was past midnight—and the light had come. It burst

dazzling in its purity upon my enraptured thought—a revelation from God, I saw it all so clearly. I seemed to stand right in the kingdom, knowing God, Love and myself His spiritual child. I was born again. Never once did I think of my body or think that it needed healing; I just thought of that beautiful light that flooded my consciousness. I disrobed, unaided, as I had previously sent Alice away, telling her I would not need her assistance. I slept on the couch that night. I remember the last thought I had was that I had touched the hem of Christ's garment and the next I knew the sun shone brightly into the room. It shone as I had never seen it before; while the leaves sparkled and danced on the trees. 'God is love,' I repeated many times. A wonderful, new joy thrilled my whole being. I tried to see more of the beautiful trees, the glories outside, and, before I knew it,"—here she lowered her voice at the remembrance, "I arose; crossed the room to the window and gazed out upon the life without.

"I never can tell even you, Gloria, dear, how I felt when I realized that I had walked."

Here the happy tears dimmed the blue eyes and she paused. "The wonderful uplifting, the throbbing happiness, the exquisite joy of it! I just wanted to sing aloud. I dressed, unaided, and was

sitting by the window, reading, when Alice came in to awaken me.

“Dear Alice! she does not know what to make of it! But she will understand, too,” confidently, “for I shall let her read the book. I wanted to let you know yesterday, but I was so happy in my new-found joy that I kept it to myself all day.”

Gloria had been holding both little hands, and now she gave them a warm pressure, as if she understood.

“I spent all day in reading and such wonderful things were revealed to me! I never think of my body,” went on the happy voice, “I just think of Love.” Then she turned suddenly to Gloria.

“Oh! what do I not owe to you for your dear, loving words? Only for you I never should have known! How can I ever repay you!” and she wound her arms around her new friend.

Gloria’s own heart was full, as she listened to the girl’s recital. “You must remember, dear, that it was Truth that sent me to you—I was simply the channel that Truth used. You can prove your gratitude by helping others to see the light.”

“Indeed, I shall,” returned the girl fervently.

“‘Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God,’” thought Gloria as she gazed at the pure face before her.

With a light heart she rose and said in a cheery tone: "Come up to my room now!"

"I haven't really got used to my freedom yet," cried Muriel, as she followed Gloria up the winding stairs. "It seems so strange to walk! My limbs were a little weak at first, but they are much stronger to-day; and I have eaten so *heartily*. I think I must have gained a few pounds already."

" 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God . . . and all these things shall be added unto you.' You will prove the truth of these words, I know, Muriel; continue to take 'no thought for the body.' "

"I used to think of it all the time before I found the light; but now it's so different!" and the bright face glowed.

"Jesus knew that we need take no thought for the body, for in it we find only results. The body simply responds to the mind, which is the cause of every material effect. The healing becomes spontaneous when we have that mind 'which was also in Christ Jesus.' "

For a long time the girls talked together. Muriel had many questions to ask and Gloria was glad to help her all she could.

"You will gain more and more understanding as you read," she told her. "You know much already that may have taken others years to grasp."

Her thoughts flew to Arnold Travis. He had read the book five times and had not found the light, while this girl had heard of Science but a few days previously and had caught its spiritual import sufficient to lift herself from a living tomb.

Muriel was examining the books on Gloria's table. "You have another *Science and Health*," as she instantly recognized the little, black book.

"I might not have been so willing to leave the book with you, had I not a second copy at home," she answered, laughing.

"I should like to learn some of these hymns," remarked Muriel as she read the beautiful words from the *Christian Science Hymnal*.

"Yes, you will need a hymn book, too," observed Gloria. "The words are so helpful and beautiful. The next time you come over we shall sing them together. I know you will enjoy them."

Here a gentle tap on the door interrupted them.

"I am sorry to interfere," said the kind voice of Mrs. Mitchell, "but it's supper time and I wondered if Muriel would remain with us."

"Not this time, thank you," responded Muriel with a grateful look. "I did not dream it was so late," glancing at the clock. "I promised Alice that I'd be home at six. I shall want to talk with

Gloria all that she will let me," she continued, "and you will see more of me than you ever did before."

"Come as often as you like, child. You owe me many calls. I shall have two girls now," she said, looking warmly from one to the other.

The three took their way downstairs and Muriel bade each a warm farewell.

"I love you and thank you *so much*," she whispered in Gloria's ear as the girls embraced each other. "I shall not forget anything that you have told me."

Mrs. Mitchell and Gloria both watched the little figure as she tripped down the steps. When she was nearly lost to view Muriel turned and waved her hand.

"It's wonderful, wonderful," and Mrs. Mitchell looked searchingly into Gloria's beaming face.

"And it is true and lasting," breathed the girl, softly.

"Miss Gilman, tell me," said the woman, turning suddenly around, "did you pray for Muriel the way the Christian Scientists do, and do you believe that prayer healed her?"

Gloria regarded her for a moment in silence. "I did not treat her, if that is what you mean." "I left her *Science and Health* to read, and knew that God would take all care of her.

"It was the understanding of God, which she gained from the book—that healed her," she said, simply.

"Would you care if I looked into the book a little as I am happening by your room? I would not take it away."

"Why, certainly you may read it," replied Gloria, gladly. "When Muriel receives her new copy you may take the one she now has."

"Oh, no! I do not care to read it through. I just wanted to glance at it," she said, hastily.

"Here is Arnold," she continued, as that gentleman appeared for supper.

"Yes, and famished, too," as he made a place for Gloria who approached the table.

CHAPTER XI

ON THE CROQUET GROUND

“THIS is Friday, you know,” observed Mr. Travis at the breakfast table.

“Yes, I remember,” Gloria assured him with a smile. “Is everything ready?”

“It will be this afternoon. Have you secured your ‘fair maiden’?”

“Indeed, I have.”

“Then all is well,” he said with a hearty laugh. “What muscle we shall have!”

Gloria regarded him with an arch look. “Pray, pardon my mistake. Shall I ever learn the new etiquette of speech!” he said, with a deprecatory look. “I’m making a little progress, I think, with the book,” he added, as Mrs. Mitchell left the table to replenish some dish.

“That is good,” said the girl in her earnest fashion.

“But I have come to one question upon which I should like some enlightenment, when you have the opportunity,” he remarked as they rose from the table.

Gloria assured him of her willingness to be of any assistance, then prepared herself for school.

As she was sitting at her desk that morning, happy thoughts filled her mind.

"I have been here but two weeks," she observed to herself, "and just see what Love has accomplished already." On her desk were little piles of flowers which loving hands had arranged and tied "for the teacher." A good-sized orange reposed in plain sight upon the edge of the desk, and she knew it had come from Joseph Congdon, as she had observed the bulge in his pocket. A variety of large, luscious apples had arranged themselves where they would quickly attract her attention; but best of all, were the bright, ardent faces before her. Love had transformed the pupils as well as the room.

Miss Gilman had at first won their respect and admiration, then, as they felt the power which she wielded, they allowed themselves to be governed without resistance.

"We just love to do whatever Miss Gilman says," Gloria had heard one of the little girls remark to a playmate. And, indeed, it so seemed!

A word, a glance was all that was needed to obtain perfect order and quiet.

Joseph Congdon, after repeated conferences with his teacher, was now applying the same thought

to his diagramming as he had given to his drawing; and the results were very gratifying both to himself and to his teacher.

Gloria had given the class a talk regarding the neatness of their appearance, and a wonderful transformation was now noticeable. Because of the general demoralization which had previously prevailed, the children were not particular that their hands were clean, or that their hair was parted exactly straight and brushed smoothly into place. The girls had been quite satisfied to have their ribbons untied and their fluffy apron strings used for pen wipers.

Now as the teacher glanced over the well-filled room the children folded their immaculate-looking hands while work was being assigned them. All neckties and hair-ribbons were tied and in place, and a general cheery, wholesome atmosphere pervaded the room.

"All it really needed was Love," the teacher told herself as she proceeded with her duties.

After the day's work was over and every child gone, Gloria turned her steps toward Muriel Lee's.

"I am ready and waiting," said the dainty, little lady as she appeared in a pink-and-white gown.

"Oh, how pretty you look!" exclaimed Gloria, delightedly.

Muriel's radiant smile and softly beaming eyes

expressed more than words. "Alice helped me fix this up," she said, pointing to the lacey ruffles. "You see," she explained, "my gowns are all extremely out of date. I shall get some new ones very soon; but do you really think this will do for to-day?" with a pretty, pensive look.

For answer Gloria gave her a fond hug and patted her slightly tinted cheeks. "You are a really 'fair maiden,'" and she laughed a sweet, girlish laugh.

"Doesn't it seem as if we always knew each other?" observed the pink-and-white figure, as the girls made their way to Mrs. Mitchell's.

"Indeed, it does. I have always wished for a companion who understood the Science and now I have found one," replied Gloria, with a fond glance.

"I wish that I understood the game," remarked Muriel as they entered the house. "Do you think I can learn?" she questioned naively.

"Of course you can," said Gloria positively. "Don't you reflect Intelligence?"

The cloud disappeared in a moment. "How beautiful to think of it that way; it takes away all the fear."

"I have heard a great deal about Arnold Travis from his aunt, but who is the other man?"

"I really can't guess," laughed Gloria. "That

is Mr. Travis' secret—the same as you are my secret, you see. Now I am going to leave you on the porch which Mrs. Mitchell has so kindly allowed me to appropriate to myself. I shall not be long," she added as she skipped lightly up the stairs.

"Which shall it be the blue or the pink," thought the maiden as she gave a hasty glance into the well-filled wardrobe. After a moment's meditation she selected a pretty, blue lawn and deftly tied a soft blue ribbon in the wealth of chestnut hair.

"How quick you were!" exclaimed Muriel as both eye and voice expressed her admiration.

"I must be on time you know," with a roguish smile. "But where are the handsome lords?"

As she spoke they both observed two forms approaching the porch.

"Mr. Travis knows where to find me," laughed Gloria.

As they came nearer, Gloria's face heightened in color and her red lips parted with surprise.

"Here we are," said Travis, pleasantly. "And I hope we find you ready and in trim." Both girls rose as the gentlemen reached the steps, and Gloria recognized Douglas Irving.

"Irving you didn't tell me that you knew Miss Gilman," as the girl extended her hand in greeting.

"You see I am one ahead of you now, old man," laughed Irving, as he slapped Travis on the shoulder.

Gloria presented the two gentlemen to her friend.

Travis shot a quick glance at the pink-gowned girl. "Are you both good players?" he inquired, as he glanced into the animated faces.

"You will have to be a little patient with me at first," explained Muriel in her sweet way, "but I shall learn soon," she added, with a knowing look at Gloria.

"How about you, Miss Gilman?"

"I shall learn to play—better," she returned with a mischievous smile.

"Irving is a little tame, I'm thinking," with a glance at his friend, "so to even things up, you play with Miss Gilman, Douglas, and Miss Lee shall be my partner. Now come on."

The four approached the ground that Mrs. Mitchell had gladly granted them to use.

"The young ladies may do a little practicing while the gentlemen are setting up the wickets," said Travis, as he opened the box containing a bright, new croquet-set.

While the men were busy measuring off distances for the wickets, the girls were admiring the

pretty assortment of colors among the balls and mallets.

"I think I shall take blue," remarked Gloria demurely. "I love blue."

"It just matches the color of your gown, too," exclaimed Muriel, gleefully. "What shall I choose?" she moved the balls around with the tip of her little slipper and finally selected the yellow.

"What fine, large heads!" and Gloria swung the mallet lightly in her hand.

The wickets were soon in place with the "basket" in the center.

"No one likes to remain in the basket," said Gloria, with a girlish laugh.

"Oh! it is all right if the right one takes her out," replied Irving, as he looked into the lovely face of his partner.

His gaze was so protracted that Gloria's face flushed.

"Well, yes," she assented, demurely, her eyes on the basket.

The game progressed very satisfactorily. The ground was beautifully smooth and this afforded opportunity for excellent playing.

"Miss Gilman, your shots are remarkably good," said Travis, as Gloria made a play that won the admiration of her audience.

“Wasn’t that splendid!” exclaimed Muriel, her eyes sparkling.

Travis took much pains with his partner-pupil; and she was eager and quick to learn. Although they had not won the first game, by the time they sat down to rest, there existed between them quite a friendly feeling.

“You did well for the first experience, Miss Lee; I compliment you.”

“I’m glad that it isn’t muscle that counts,” she observed, quietly.

Something in the tone stirred Travis and he looked up quickly. For the first time he noticed the slightness of the little figure which contrasted with the brightness of the happy face.

“Wonder where she lives? She’s a ‘fair maiden’ to be sure,” as he watched the cool breeze play with the curls that encircled the small head.

Meanwhile, Gloria and her partner were seated on a bench at the “home end” of the ground, where they had easily won the first game. The girl’s face wore a glow of pleasant excitement that did not escape the notice of her partner.

“I did not know that you and Mr. Travis were friends,” observed Gloria.

“Yes, I have known Travis for several years. He’s a fine fellow.”

Suddenly Irving drew from his inner pocket a small, oblong package.

“Does the shape of this suggest anything to you, Miss Gilman?”

“Oh, yes!” she responded at a glance.

“I just received it to-day, and I’m looking forward to a pleasant evening with it,” as he returned the book to his pocket.

“Has Mr. Travis mentioned Science to you?” asked Gloria.

“No. Does he know about it?” with surprise.

“Please, do not mention——”

“I shall not,” he replied, divining her meaning, at the same time wondering why his friend had been so discreet regarding the subject.

The approach of Travis and his partner prevented their pursuing the subject further. Gloria noted their animated conversation. Travis’s face showed a deep study, while that of Muriel was lighted with enthusiasm, and Gloria caught these words:

“No, I could not if I would, and I would not if I could picture the depths of despair, the hours of bitter anguish, the utter hopelessness that darkened my life—and then my deliverance came so swiftly and so beautifully. Christian Science gives one such an uplifting, satisfying thought of God.”

Gloria did not catch the reply, but saw that Muriel was pleased with his remark.

"Have you been practicing for the next game?" asked Irving as the two reached them.

"Yes, I think we shall win it," replied Travis with a smile.

The four again took the mallets for another game.

"Your shot first this time, Douglas," said Travis, "as you won the last game."

"The *first* game you mean, Arnold," corrected Irving, in a jocose vein.

When it was Travis' turn to play, he made such excellent shots that he became "Rover" with the first turn.

"After this I shall give my attention to ball yellow," he said, as he turned to his partner who had thoroughly enjoyed his splendid playing.

"You will have to work hard," Gloria said to Irving, "or they shall—what do you call it?—'white-wash' us," and the girl's laugh rang out merrily.

"No, they can't do that," replied Irving as he put her ball through a wicket, and then made both resound against the variegated stake.

"You do finely, Muriel," Gloria said when she stood near her.

Muriel shot a pleased look at her. "I am trying to know," she said, softly, "that I *can*."

The game was now intensely interesting, and from the side window Mrs. Mitchell could hear the girls' merry laughter and the deeper tones of the men.

"Hurrah! we win," exclaimed Travis, and he smiled his approval as Muriel made her last successful stroke.

"That makes a game apiece," said Irving, "now there remains no hard feeling between us."

The gentlemen picked up the balls and deposited them in the box.

"Do you prefer blue?" Irving questioned, as Gloria handed her mallet to him.

"It is my favorite color."

"It is mine, too," he returned, letting his gaze rest upon the pretty, blue gown.

CHAPTER XII

JOURNEYING ONWARD

“WELL, the ‘handsome lord’ and ‘fair maiden’ were quite human, were they not, Miss Gilman?” laughed Travis as he took the chair Gloria offered.

“And we certainly enjoyed ourselves,” replied Gloria, enthusiastically. “But what a glorious evening we have!”

“It was sufficient excuse to bring me around to your cozy porch,” he replied. “The vines do not obstruct the view of the Sound nor hide the lights of the heaven from us.”

For a moment they were content to gaze upon the moonlit water in silence. At length Travis mentioned what was uppermost in his mind.

“Miss Lee has spoken of her wonderful experience.”

Gloria instantly recalled the sweet, childish face as she and Mr. Travis had approached them across the lawn that day. But as she was not quick to respond, Travis continued:

“I rejoice with her over her remarkable heal-

ing, but do you believe," and he looked full into the brown eyes, "that simply reading Mrs. Eddy's book induced her wonderful recovery?"

"Muriel found the light—the truth—by reading *Science and Health* and it healed her," she said simply. Then, after a pause—" 'And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' "

"But I cannot understand how she—why she is just a child in knowledge—could grasp the meaning of what is almost incomprehensible to me."

" 'Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein! ' " quoted Gloria, softly.

"But how can one become so simple minded?"

"Oftentimes the sacrifice and labor that are necessary to overcome self is the price of understanding; and those who are willing to pay the price are rejoicing in its possession," said the girl gently.

"I have just begun to see that intellect is not of itself sufficient to save us."

"The human intellect alone is unable to attain a spiritual understanding of God. Spiritual things must be *spiritually* discerned.

"He is presumptuous who essays to criticise Mrs. Eddy's statements without making sure that he understands them. Jesus said that He 'came not to send peace, but a sword.' "

“Mrs. Eddy does not purpose to bring peace to material beliefs, nor has she written to please mortal opinion. Her work was divinely revealed from God. Anyone who thinks that he can soar into the realm of the Infinite on the mere statements of Christian Science will be sadly mistaken. ‘The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God.’”

“I guess you’re right,” he said, sadly. “I must learn how to discern spiritually.”

“‘Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.’ Mrs. Eddy tells us in *Science and Health* that desire is prayer; and so by earnestly desiring to gain the spiritual understanding of God, and by faithfully studying her book the light will come,” declared Gloria, positively.

“You give me assurance,” said Travis in a more earnest manner than he had yet manifested, “and I shall persevere.”

“I did receive a gleam of light as I was reading last night. I saw more clearly what I had not understood before regarding the universe. It is our belief about the universe which is not true, and not the universe itself.”

“Exactly!” agreed Gloria, “even as we look through a bad pane of glass and see a distorted

landscape. All that is, is spiritual, and expresses a glory of which mortal sense has only a small conception. The Scriptures declare that this material dream will dissolve and pass away. To bring this quickening, this awakening to mankind is the mission of Christian Science."

"Perhaps you will help me with another question, Miss Gilman. While I can believe that the universe is real and beautiful, and that the imperfections which appear in it are not really in the universe but in our wrong conception of it, still I cannot understand how one can deny the existence of pain or disease."

"Do you deny that two and two are five?" questioned the girl.

"Certainly."

"Why?"

"Because it is not a truth."

"Can we ever know anything but the truth?" continued Gloria, earnestly.

"Why, I suppose not," replied the man, thoughtfully.

"We may know that two and two are four, but we can never know that two and two are five. One may have false beliefs and false opinions about the truth, but actually one can know only truth."

"Granted," acquiesced Travis.

“Now through Christian Science we must unknow or see the falsity of what should never have been believed. Do you believe that pain and sickness come from God?”

“No. Christian Science teaches that they do not; and I firmly believe it.”

“Well, God is Truth; and since pain and disease do not come from God or Truth, they therefore are not true, hence we have a right to deny their seeming existence. The person who believes he suffers is under the same misapprehension as the boy who believes two and two are five.”

“I see—but rather vaguely,” said Travis. “But we do not deny that a boy may firmly believe that two and two are five.”

“Of course not,” returned the girl, brightly. The boy may firmly believe two and two to be five, but he cannot *know* it because it is not true. So it is with us; we may believe firmly that we are in great suffering but we cannot know it because it is not the truth. We do not deny that sin, sickness, and death are experiences incident to our belief in this mortal existence, but we deny most emphatically that they have anything to do with God, Truth.”

“How reasonable that sounds! Christian Science differentiates then between what the world calls

real, and what is essentially real or true in the sight of God."

"Exactly, Mr. Travis," replied the girl with a pleased smile.

"But how is it that pain can even make us believe it is true? Why have we so much sickness and misery around us?"

"Pain, sickness, and sorrow are but penalties for our failure to know God aright. They are no part of God's 'very good' creation, and they will surely disappear in proportion as mankind understands and demonstrates the teaching of the Master."

"The healing is really the prime object of Science, isn't it?"

"No," answered the girl. "The mission of Christian Science is first to reform or to regenerate morally. The bodily healing is a result of this regeneration, a consequence of the application of the right thought about God and His creations."

"I believe that one would have to be a pretty good fellow to obey all injunctions in *Science and Health*," said the man, with a genial smile.

Gloria gave her head a little nod.

"Perfection cannot be attained in a day, you know. If we look through one pane of glass we can see very well, but should we look through three

hundred and sixty-five panes at once, we could see only total darkness. One can only comply with the exalted demands of God according to his spiritual progress."

"You are certainly good to be so patient with an ignorant, old sinner like me," and Travis gave the girl a grateful look. "I'm going to repay you by putting into practice some of the things which you have told me; and more than that, I shall begin and put to practical use what little I do know of Christian Science, although it's but a very small grain."

"You know that it is by watering the seed that it grows," said Gloria, arching her delicate eyebrows.

"I guess you did not want to tell me that the seed often depends upon the soil. Now that explains why the seed has not grown more within me. Tell the truth, Miss Gilman."

"Just as you say, Mr. Travis," she replied with a silvery laugh. "See where the moon is and how beautifully round it is!"

"I fear I am monopolizing your evening," he said as he rose.

"No, indeed, I am glad to talk with you," affirmed Gloria.

After he had gone she went to her room and

wrote a long letter to her mother. It contained a detailed account of her school work and the extraordinary demonstration of the music; the wonderful healing of Muriel Lee was described in her earnest manner and she mentioned the interest that the principal of her school was evincing in Christian Science.

As she was preparing for bed the handsome face of Douglas Irving rose before her. "Another one searching for truth," she thought, "and I believe that he will be quick in finding it."

As Mrs. Mitchell was getting breakfast the next morning Gloria stepped lightly into the kitchen.

"Oh! I did not hear your fairy-like steps," she exclaimed, turning suddenly around. "I reckon you are mourning the rainy Sunday."

"I do think it would be pleasant had we another glorious day like last Sunday. However, our covered porch will make some amends. We agreed yesterday on the croquet-ground to spend the morning out under your beautiful elms. We want to read the Lesson together."

"We?"

"Yes, the four of us. Would you care to join us?"

"Lands, no! child. Once a day to church is

good enough for me, besides I have an extra amount of work to do this morning," said Mrs. Mitchell in a hasty, energetic way.

Gloria felt very happy this morning in spite of the pending rain, and spent some little time in the music room, singing from the Hymnal. She arranged fresh flowers in the rooms and was going across the hall when Douglas Irving appeared on the porch and knocked beside the open door.

Gloria answered the summons and joined him on the veranda. They had had but a few words of conversation when Muriel came up the steps.

"I am not late, am I?" she cried, anxiously, as Gloria rose to greet her.

"Oh, no, Mr. Travis has not arrived yet."

"What is that about Mr. Travis?" as the gentleman himself joined them. He greeted each in his cordial manner and then sank into the nearest chair.

"Too bad if it rains! It will spoil our morning!"

"Oh, the weather doesn't matter," retorted Muriel, with a wise, little shake of her head. "See it's sprinkling now, but we shall not get at all wet under these vines." Her voice rang out as gleefully as a child's.

Gloria was not the only one who cast an appreciative glance at the sweet, childish face.

The hitherto sunken cheeks were beginning to assume a graceful contour; the lips had a tinge of scarlet and the quickened movements told of daily increasing strength. The happy ring in her voice was music to Gloria, and the earnest, eager eyes told their own story.

When all were comfortably seated Gloria pulled toward her a small table upon which she had previously placed the books.

"Just think, no one of us, save Miss Gilman, has ever heard a Christian Science sermon!" exclaimed Muriel.

Gloria wished she might repress the flush she felt stealing over her face as her eyes met those of Douglas Irving. She was glad to hear Mr. Travis speak.

"Yes, I have. I attended church one morning with my mother."

"Then you know something of Christian Science?" asked Irving.

"Yes, something."

"Miss Gilman has told me about the 'Mother Church' and about the services," exclaimed Muriel, in girlish irrelevancy.

"Who shall be our Readers?" queried Travis.

“Miss Gilman will have to read from *Science and Health*, of course,” returned Muriel, “because she understands so much of it.”

“The Lesson subject to-day is ‘Man,’ and I am sure that it will explain itself,” responded Gloria, warmly. “Suppose you read from the Bible, Muriel.”

“I should love to,” was the quick response, “but don’t you think”—naïvely—“that it would look more churchy, more real, you know, if we had one of the gentlemen. You know you said——”

Gloria looked up questioningly.

“Douglas, you know the Bible pretty well, I think I should like to hear your voice.”

“All right, old man,” and Douglas took the vacant chair near the table.

A pretty picture it made, to be sure, Mrs. Mitchell thought, as she peered through the half-opened curtain. “Muriel looks like a newly-opened rose, with eyes like diamonds,” she said to herself. Both girls were dressed in white except for a soft knot of blue which Gloria wore at her throat. The green tendrils falling softly down from the roof made an effective background. Gloria’s face looked seriously sweet and tender as the words from the little book rolled musically from her lips,

while the rich full voice of Douglas Irving, as he read the familiar lines, sounded clear and earnest.

"No sleepy congregation there," thought the woman, as she softly moved away. "You'd think they were all finding ten-dollar gold pieces from that book the way they are listening."

"Well, it's easy to please young folks," she told herself, wisely, as she went on with her work. "Some day I shall have to tell Miss Gilman the secret that Lucy Briggs told me. Then we shall see!"

The Lesson was read from beginning to end without an interruption, and a little silence fell on the group as the last words were reached.

"Isn't it beautiful!" said Muriel, softly.

"If one could but understand it all!" declared Travis with a sigh.

"Why, as I listened this morning it seemed just as *plain*."

"H'm," and Travis regarded the pretty face with a look quite protracted. She was a very fair picture indeed, he decided. He wondered if she knew what a wealth of innocence she possessed.

They talked for some time. Each one had a question to ask and Gloria responded to the best of her understanding, always referring them to the

Bible and *Science and Health* for a more complete explanation to their queries.

She was surprised that Irving showed such an extensive study of the Bible. "Yes, I have studied it a great deal," he said, "but I never before gained the light from it that I have, since I have been reading Mrs. Eddy's book."

"Have you the book, Douglas?" asked his friend, in surprise.

For answer Douglas drew from his pocket a bright, new copy in soft leather with the gilt edges still untarnished, and held it out for inspection.

"I have one exactly like it," Muriel said, demurely, "and I also have the Hymnal. You ought to hear the hymns. They are lovely."

"Yes, I have heard one or two of them," said Irving, though his eyes did not seek Gloria's face. When he did look up she was busily employed untwisting some matted tendrils of the vine. Her cheeks were prettily pink, while her eyes were half-veiled by their long lashes and the deep corners of the red lips curved exquisitely.

The rain had stopped and the sun now broke out in wonderful radiancy. At the suggestion of Travis they all accompanied Muriel when she was ready to go home.

“We shall have to hurry back for lunch,” said Gloria to Mr. Travis, as they reached Muriel’s gate.

“I have an errand up the street,” he answered, as he lifted his hat in adieu. “Tell Aunt Martha I shall be back shortly. I shall leave Irving to escort you back.”

CHAPTER XIII

ON THE WATER

IRVING looked as if he rather liked the arrangement as they turned their steps back toward Mrs. Mitchell's.

His strong, reposeful presence greatly appealed to his bright companion as she noted the air of refinement and self-possession which characterized him as the cultured gentleman.

"I hope everything is progressing satisfactorily in your school room," he said, having heard something of the previous condition, and being eager to learn the present state of affairs.

"All is well," returned the girl, with a smile that Douglas thought the most beautiful that ever adorned a girl's face. "It required diligent work, but everything is harmonious now."

"I am very glad of that; Travis told me what a hard time the others had." He looked at her as if for explanation.

"It was Science," she murmured, simply. He did not wish to press the subject any further, so turned the conversation into different channels.

"I'm going to take my mother for a row on the Sound this afternoon if the weather remains favorable," he was saying. "Do you enjoy the water, Miss Gilman?"

"Yes. I do now," returned the girl, demurely. "I used to be very much afraid of it, but mother helped me demonstrate over the fear."

"Oh, I understand," rejoined he in his quiet manner.

"Perhaps you would accept an invitation to join us some day? I know mother would be delighted to extend her share of the invitation."

"I should be very glad," Gloria smiled into his grave eyes.

"I thank you very much for the delightful and profitable morning," as he shook hands with her cordially and went his way.

"I guess your morning has been full," said Mrs. Mitchell at the lunch table, when Gloria was telling her Mr. Travis's message.

"It has been full indeed," acquiesced the girl with a happy, smiling sigh. "I think I shall spend the afternoon with my letters. Muriel will write to her father to-day, and what a happy missive it will be!"

"Her father is abroad; perhaps he will want her with him now."

“Oh! I hope not—not for a while, anyhow,” returned Gloria quickly, for the friendship had grown very dear to her within the past days.

Indeed, as the weeks went by each day was full for Gloria. She rose early to read her Lesson and to spend a few minutes in realizing peace and harmony for the school room. After that she sought the music-room and practiced the exercises for the day. At the close of school she often turned her steps to the beautiful home of Muriel Lee. The girls spent some time every day in talking of their beloved Science. Muriel confided to her friend that Alice, her maid, was deeply interested and that they daily read together from the book. Muriel’s father was likely to remain abroad indefinitely, although if circumstances permitted he would be home before long, as he was very anxious to see his little “girlie.” He had written Muriel that he knew but little about Christian Science, but that he would “look into it” as soon as he reached home.

Following the chats which the girls had together, they took many a stroll through the beautiful woods or oftentimes they indulged in croquet, the two men playing with them. At the close of the games Muriel was always left to Travis’ escort, which arrangement was satisfactory to all.

Sometimes Gloria walked about the country

with Irving and on several occasions she had gone with him and his mother on the water. Mrs. Irving was a woman of tall and stately appearance, and Gloria had quickly detected the resemblance between mother and son. The girl soon found the words of Mrs. Mitchell to be true, that the mother's sun rose and set in the life of her boy. She seemed happy only when Douglas was at her side. Though he was attentive to every wish of his mother's, his watchfulness for Gloria's comfort was vigilant. On the last occasion Gloria noticed a change in Mrs. Irving's attitude toward her. She felt upon her the cold look from the brown eyes, though she gave no sign. "I wonder how I could have given offense," thought the girl, innocently, as she mentally declared that "every child of God reflects love for the other." This day a sudden shower came upon them before they could reach the shore. Heavy, scattered drops began to fall quickly; the smoothness of the water was ruffled and the golden glow left it as the sunshine was hidden by scurrying clouds.

"The storm will be here directly," said Mrs. Irving. Douglas had brought a shawl with him, thinking that it might be needed; neither his mother nor Gloria had made any provision for rain. Gloria instantly saw his predicament as he took the

shawl from its hiding place, and gave her an appealing glance.

“Put the shawl around your mother, Mr. Irving,” she said in positive tones. The man obeyed, though with a troubled expression. By this time the rain was coming down in full force and they were still some distance from land. Gloria saw the anxious look as her eyes met his and she hastened to say with a knowing smile: “Don’t trouble about me, for you know water can’t harm me, and there are no bad effects in Truth.” The words had come out before she had considered the third party. Irving had told her that his mother had no interest in Science and it was agreed between them that to avoid anything of an uncomfortable nature, they would not mention the subject in the mother’s presence.

Now, as the girl glanced toward her, she was met with a cold, hard look.

Gloria’s face flushed, but before she could think further, she was amazed to see Irving slip off his coat and move toward her.

“It is all right,” he said, with gentle authority as the girl demurred. He wrapped the warm coat gently around her wet shoulders while the rain poured down heavily upon his own.

The quiet strength which was always suggested

by his tone and manner, was very observable now.

The girl lifted her luminous eyes. "You are very good," she breathed.

They soon reached the shore. As the landing was very near the Irving place, usually Mrs. Irving had suggested that her son escort Gloria home, while she returned alone.

"Care for your mother," Gloria said, with gentle authority as they stepped ashore. "It will take me but a moment to run home."

Douglas' brow contracted, and he seemed on the point of insisting upon taking care of her first. A look at his mother's tense face, however, seemed to convince him of the wisdom of obeying.

"Very well, if I must. I shall come for my coat this evening," with a lingering look into the girl's glowing face.

Without another word he took his mother's arm and escorted her up the walk. When they reached home, Irving went immediately to his room. At once he missed something as he glanced about. That morning he had taken particular pains to arrange his Science books neatly on a small table near the window. Gloria had given him some copies of the Christian Science weekly periodical, also some of the daily *Christian Science Monitor*. These were

gone also, he noticed, as well as his *Science and Health*. An unusual look came into the deep-set eyes as he searched the room for them. At last he found them where they had been carelessly flung into the bottom drawer of his dresser. Taking them out, he carefully arranged them in precisely the manner they had been before being ignominiously thrust out of sight.

After he had finished dressing, he sat by the table and read for some time until his face had resumed something of its usual serenity. But a stern expression still lay within his handsome eyes as he rose and approached his mother's suite.

Entering the room, he was amazed to see his mother in tears, and to find her talking in severe tones to her brother who had dropped in because of the rain.

"You are just the one we wish to see, Douglas!" she exclaimed.

Douglas had never known his mother to be angry with him. He had been loved and petted ever since he could remember. All that he did had ever met with his mother's loving approval. What could this mean?

"Will you please tell me the trouble?" he asked in his quiet, calm voice.

"Trouble enough," retorted his mother, her eyes

red from weeping. "You have treated your mother disgracefully for the past weeks and I can't stand it any longer," here the head fell upon the table and convulsive sobs shook the strong form.

Douglas stood still in the center of the room, his arms folded. He seemed to divine the meaning behind his mother's words, although he was totally unprepared for it.

"In what way have I shamefully treated you, mother?"

The even tones only served to antagonize the aggrieved woman. Lifting her head, she said between her choking sobs:

"I have been a good mother to you as anyone knows. What I have sacrificed for you and done for your good, Uncle George knows as well as I do. And how do you repay me? As soon as a slip of a girl turns up with a pretty smile for you, the mother is forgotten, willfully neglected and your eyes behold only one person. You have been brought up to learn your parents' religion—I taught you the Bible stories as soon as you were able to lisp them. Now, because this girl—this sacrilegious girl—tells you about a woman in Boston who sets herself up to do the works of Christ, you believe her infamous talk. What thanks do I, your mother, get for all the years I instilled the

Bible into your life, now that you turn utterly from it to worship that heathenish rubbish?" She paused for want of breath.

Douglas had not moved his position, though at the mention of Gloria's name, his face paled and his eyes grew very dark.

"You are greatly mistaken, mother," he began——

"Mistaken nothing," she interrupted. "Your Uncle George knows as well as I do!"—with a glance at the gentleman, who seemed at a loss at this particular moment what to think. "He has seen that book which you read instead of the Bible and he knows how many evenings you have left me alone. We used always to pass our evenings together, but now he spends them with that girl—the girl who wants to take him from his church and steal him from his mother!" Again she was overcome with sobs.

"Pray, let me speak, mother," although he felt it would be useless to offer explanation until his mother had finished. "You must remember I am not a boy, although I shall always remain a loving son to you. You cannot expect me to remain at home every evening, but you must admit that I have never neglected spending a part of every evening with you.

"You entirely misjudge Mrs. Eddy, her religion, and Miss Gilman."

Here his mother interrupted him, the girl's name acting as a spur.

"Douglas Irving, if you ever leave those sacrilegious books around in your room again I shall put them into the fire! My home shall not be degraded with that trash as long as I am here, and as for that girl"—and her voice shook with feeling—"she does nothing but put on and make eyes at you, and I am sure she cannot be lady-like."

Douglas had kept himself as calm as possible, while his mother had so bitterly condemned him and his beloved Science, but the accusation which she now put forth against the sweetly pure character, proved too much for him to withstand.

He looked into his mother's eyes, his own flashing with a strange light. "I love you, mother, but I cannot allow you to utter such words against one who has always proven herself the most gentle and pure of women."

The words came in great positiveness from the firm lips.

"See!" she cried, turning to her brother, "didn't I tell you?" Then, facing her son, she continued, "you already care more for that girl than you do for your mother. Now answer me!"

"I shall answer no such question," responded Douglas, calmly, though his face flushed at the query.

"Would you give her up for your mother?" she persisted.

"I do not understand you. I have known Miss Gilman but a short time, and her friendship is very sacred to me," he replied, with deep feeling.

The mother felt that she dared not press the question.

A sudden idea suggested itself to her. "Douglas," and the mother's love seemed for a moment to overcome the pent-up suspicion. "I want you to prove how much you love your mother. Give up this unreasonable nonsense that is leading you away from the path that has been good enough for your father and mother—good enough for thousands of folks far better than we hope to be. If you love me, Douglas, my son, give it up."

The man's face softened and he moved toward his mother and gently took her hand.

"I do love you, mother, but you have no idea what you are asking of me."

"But is your love for me not greater than your hold upon that book?" she pursued, eagerly.

"Don't put it that way, mother, dear. I do not love you less, but more, because of the book. I have

already received great blessings from it. I understand how to banish those sick headaches that you know I have suffered with, and I have learned so much about God that is satisfying and practical. I know Christian Science is the truth, and I could never relinquish it."

The words were unmistakably kind and gentle, but they stirred the woman as nothing else could have done. "You have no one who loves you as I do, Douglas, and there's no difference like a religious difference. Suppose this should separate us—make a breach between us?"

"It cannot, mother; we shall not let it."

"But suppose it did?"

"I should deeply regret it, mother."

"Then you will not give it up for me? Is it possible!" she breathed.

"'He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.' I love Christian Science. It is the truth of God, and nothing can separate me from it."

"George, George, whall I do with such an unreasonable, ungrateful son?" turning to her brother, but ere the gentleman could venture a suggestion again she faced Douglas.

"You will have to choose between us, then," she said, sternly. "Choose between this girl and her

fanatic religion and your mother who loves you more than her own life." There were no signs of yielding in the tensely drawn face.

Douglas made a motion as if to take her into his arms, but she repulsed him. "Don't touch me until you have given me your decision. If you love your mother more, give up this girl—never see her again—and throw away those books. If you choose to be with her and her religion, you must leave this house; we cannot remain under the same roof."

"Mother, mother, what are you saying!" cried Douglas, the perspiration appearing in big drops upon his brow, his lips quivering.

"I reiterate," she continued, slowly. "You are to choose now—this very moment."

They regarded each other during a pause. "I give you my decision then, if you persist in this attitude of thought." The words came slowly, but with ringing decision. "I cannot give up Christian Science."

"Then, go," she answered, pointing to the door.

"Go," she repeated, as he stood gazing at her.

"You will regret it, mother; you will deeply regret it," he said, gently, as he turned and left the room.

The mother watched him until the form disappeared, then sank into a chair and sobbed aloud.

George Hanson coughed. He despised scenes. "Mary!" The woman had forgotten his presence.

"George, what do you think of his actions. What shall I do?"

"I think you have taken a very wrong step, and the best thing you can do is to retrace it—if it is not already too late," he said, dryly.

"I've taken a wrong step!" cried the woman, in amazement. "Have you not heard what Douglas said to me, that he preferred that girl with her books rather than retain the love of his mother?"

"I heard nothing of the kind, Mary," snapped the man, impatiently. "Pray, do not so misrepresent things."

The woman forgot her grievances for the moment to stare at her usually phlegmatic brother.

"You have taken a step which will require years to recover."

Now, that an opportunity had been given him to speak, he eagerly took advantage of it. He loved his gracious sister, but he also had a deep fondness for his favorite nephew.

"What else could I do?" sobbed the voice.

"Do!" brusquely. "You have a fine son—a very fine man. He is not a boy to be coaxed or bossed around. He is a man; you seemed to forget that. If he cares to pay attention to a girl, who

must be altogether respectable to teach in our public school—that is his business. He has the privilege to like and dislike as well as you or I. If he cares to read a book, explanatory of the Bible, he certainly has that prerogative. You should be glad he has taste for such matters. I don't know anything about the young woman. I don't know anything about Christian Science, but I *do* know something about Douglas Irving." Here the voice grew warm.

"I know him to be a man of the greatest integrity. I would trust him to select for his friends only those of the same excellent trend of thought and character as himself. As for his religion, this is a free country and one has a perfect right to his own pursuits and opinions."

George Hanson had made his speech. He rose to go.

"Don't go yet, George," pleaded the woman. "You are unjust to me; you can't understand a mother's feeling. I can't bear to have him go," a catch in her voice. "What do you think I could do now?" said she, tremulously, listening to the steps in the next room.

The man paused as he stood, hat in hand.

"Take the boy to your heart, and the girl, too, if he asks it. Look into his religion with him and if it is good, unite your enthusiasm and love with

his; if it is bad, point out the fallacies to Douglas and win him back with your love and judgment."

"Never!" gasped the woman. The door slammed after the retreating figure.

"Oh!" It was not so much an exclamation as a cry, for the door opened and there stood Douglas Irving, hat in one hand, and a small valise in the other.

CHAPTER XIV

THE WAY OF LOVE

WHEN Douglas reached his own room, after leaving his mother, he sat for a few moments in deep thought. Taking up his little "treasure book," he read from several pages. These words arrested his attention. "Consciousness of right-doing brings its own reward" * and "Divine Science is absolute, and permits no half-way position in learning its Principle and rule—establishing it by demonstration." * A tender look came across the man's face. "I have done what I consider right; I acted as I thought Principle would have me act, now I must let divine Love do the rest. I must love mother just the same, even more, because she does not understand."

Collecting a few necessary articles he arranged them in his satchel and soon found himself at his mother's door. Her cry did not escape him, though he stood calm and firm.

* "Science and Health," pp. 37, 274.

“ I have come to say good-by, mother.” Something in his tone broke for a moment the passionate current running through her being. With one look into his sad, but loving eyes, she threw herself into his arms.

“ Douglas—my boy, don’t go.”

“ But you are driving me away, mother,” he replied, gently, “ I would not go of my own free will.”

“ Stay,” she breathed, her arms tightening.

“ What about the book—and Miss Gilman?”

“ You may have your books and read them, if you never breathe a word of it in my presence.”

“ And Miss Gilman?”

“ You will see her, of course, but you must never bring us together.”

“ You are hard, mother—and I always thought you had such a loving, gentle heart.”

“ I would lay down my life for you, Douglas, but I cannot—cannot love that girl.”

“ Very well, mother——”

“ You will remain?”

“ Do you know that it is bound to bring an uncomfortable feeling with it—the knowledge that there is a subject which we cannot mention, and particularly one which is so dear to me? It will make a difference between us; there will not be the same

loving understanding and companionship. Can you bear it?"

"Yes. I will bear it, if you stay."

"Very well, be it as you will."

Douglas sought Mrs. Mitchell's piazza that evening in an unsettled frame of mind. He caught sight of the lady through the open window.

"Beautiful evening after the rain, Mrs. Mitchell," he said, pleasantly.

"Indeed, we did have quite a shower," she replied, coming to the window. She had not seen Gloria when she returned from her trip, so knew nothing of the little scene on the water.

"May I see Miss Gilman?"

"I'll send her out," responded Mrs. Mitchell, as she disappeared.

A blue-gowned figure soon emerged upon the piazza. The next time Mrs. Mitchell looked out the two were seated, talking animatedly together.

"I wonder what they talk about all the time," thought the woman, as she moved cautiously away. "That girl is altogether different from any girl I ever knew. I wonder what his mother thinks about her? But, I suppose no one, in her estimation, would be good enough for Douglas Irving. She needn't worry. That girl is smart enough for the Prince of Wales."

Douglas had studiously refrained from rehearsing much of the episode of the afternoon to Gloria. He simply related that his mother was very bitter toward Science, and had requested him not to mention it in her presence.

Gloria was quick, however, to suspect from the strained expression on his face that something of greater weight had occurred at home.

"We cannot talk people into Christian Science," said the girl, gently. "We must convince them by our lives and works. Jesus was the great Wayshower, and each Christian Scientist should also be in a degree a wayshower."

"But, how it pains us that those whom we love cannot see the truth of Christian Science!" Douglas remarked, sadly.

"Patience" breathed the girl. "We know that sooner or later all prejudice and ignorance must give up to the divine Mind. We cannot force things."

"I am beginning to see that."

"It is right to say a word of Science—a thought of truth at times, but we should refrain from voicing such statements as evoke antagonism or resentment. When one is ready for the Truth he will be sure to show it," said Gloria, with great earnestness.

"Thank you, Miss Gilman. That was just the thought I needed," returned the man, with a grateful look.

"I am glad that there are those who do understand us even before we speak," he continued, regarding her expressive face.

"There always exists a bond of understanding between those who love Truth," she said softly, though flushing slightly under her companion's glance.

At that moment a sound attracted the attention of both—Gloria was first to recognize it.

"It's a cat!" she cried. "No doubt it is Teddy, following out his relentless appetite for killing his brothers of feeble power."

The cry came nearer and soon big Teddy bounced onto the piazza, holding a good-sized rabbit between his teeth.

"Oh, Teddy! how can you?" exclaimed the girl in dismay.

For answer the cat deliberately dropped the rabbit at her feet, then brushed lovingly around her skirts, purring vociferously.

"No, Teddy, I don't love you nor praise you for such adventures," said the girl, as she brushed the cat away. "Poor bunny," as she looked down at the little animal, which vainly struggled to lift itself.

Douglas raised the animal by its ears, but it fell down instantly in a heap upon its back.

“His back is broken,” exclaimed Douglas.

This sudden announcement brought a new look to the girl’s face. She rose quickly and put the cat into the house. When she returned Douglas noticed the glow on her cheeks and the unusual brightness of the brown eyes.

“We must not keep bunny any longer with a broken back,” she said. “There are no fatalities nor any carnivorous ideas in God’s creation. Let us think that, and so free our little friend.” Her face was so radiant with hope and so softly tender and beautiful, the man was deeply moved.

Suddenly she lifted a quick, searching face to him. She found herself looking into a pair of earnest gray eyes and there was no sign of levity in his fine expression nor about the mobile lips. She sank into the nearest chair and closed her eyes.

For some time she remained perfectly quiet; then she opened her eyes and gazed at the little animal.

“God not only creates all, but He maintains and preserves all perfect, and as no darkness can withstand light, so no belief in injury can withstand the omnipotence of Truth.”

Douglas was listening to the words as they fell

slowly from the sweet lips. He hardly knew what to expect. Looking at the rabbit he was surprised to see its soft brown eyes blinking brightly.

Gloria had seemed totally unconscious of Douglas, but now she turned toward him: "Please, bring bunny out on the lawn." She rose and stepped down to the ground. Irving took the animal by its ears and was quite unprepared for the vigorous kicking which followed. He dropped him gently to the ground where Gloria was standing; and to his amazement the little animal remained right side up, and sat perfectly quiet, blinking hard.

"Go on bunny," said Gloria, with a glad ring in her voice, and she touched him with the tip of her slipper. For answer the rabbit bounded lightly across the lawn and was soon lost to view.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she breathed, as she turned toward her companion.

"I did not know that one could heal animals through Science, though I don't see why not," he added as if in answer to his own question.

"Indeed, yes," returned the girl. "They usually respond very quickly to the healing thought. I have seen many beautiful results accomplished."

"You must love animals."

"Indeed, I do," she returned, warmly. "I can remember when I was a young girl how I used to

mourn the seeming tragedy in the animal kingdom, but since I have learned of Science, I know how to be of use to them. I'm so grateful to Mrs. Eddy for showing us this wonderful way," she said, with deep earnestness.

Douglas Irving long remembered that scene. It lingered as a beautiful memory in his thought. The crippled little animal and the compassionate look on the girl's face; next the pure, trustful and serene expression when she gently touched the rabbit, which responded with alacrity and normal action. "A beautiful little miracle," he thought, as he made his way homeward.

Gloria remained on the piazza for some time after Douglas had gone, thinking over the happy events of the day. "Surely Love is the only power," she mused, as her mind turned to an occurrence of the school room that afternoon.

For several afternoons, as she stood in the hall to guard the lines of children, she had noticed that one tall boy in Mr. Travis's room took particular pains to look closely at her when he passed. His face showed a disrespectful look, and his whole air was supercilious. Gloria had now won the love of nearly all the school, and many a radiant smile she received as the children from the different rooms marched past.

Gloria had noticed the malicious expression in Fred Graham's eyes, but there was no answering sign in the serene face of the teacher. However, as the boy's manner was attracting the attention of some of the other scholars, she knew that something must be done to avoid a repetition. Putting out of her mind the discordant mental picture she thought of the boy as "Love's child, reflecting only the attributes of Love." The next night as he reached her side when leaving the building, she looked directly into his face and with a winning smile said kindly: "Good-night, Fred!"

The boy was too surprised to reply, but hung his head slightly. He had been absent for several days, but on this occasion Gloria had particular need to be grateful for divine Love. She had returned to her room after the children had left the building as she had work to complete in her class room. As she was sitting at her desk her attention was attracted by a knock at the door. Upon opening it she was a little surprised to see the tall Fred Graham standing, hat in hand.

"Miss Gilman, can I do anything for you? May I sharpen some pencils or erase the boards?"

Love had conquered hate, and for a moment the teacher could scarcely realize that this was the same boy who had manifested such an unpleasant attitude

toward her. His desire to remain after hours to assist her was proof enough of his change of thought. As he helped her about the room they chatted pleasantly and parted with the best of feeling on both sides.

"Science is of inestimable help to me," thought the girl, as she entered the house.

"You look charmingly happy," observed Mrs. Mitchell, as she met Gloria in the hall.

"Indeed, I have many reasons to be," returned the girl, earnestly.

Gloria spent many of her evenings in the music room, playing over the hymns and practicing the music for the school. Mrs. Mitchell was glad that the girl took her place at the piano to-night. She often followed Gloria with her sewing or knitting and was an appreciative listener.

After Gloria had finished singing the hymns, Mrs. Mitchell remarked somewhat apologetically, "I have been reading some in your books to-day." Gloria had noticed that some one had made excursions in her text book as the marker had been changed.

"Yes?"

"Some things are true enough, but one would have to have a dictionary as big as a house to see through the rest of them."

Gloria smiled. "I used to think something like that myself, but now it seems so simple."

"H'm," with a keen look at the bright, young face.

"I could go most of it, if it wasn't for Mrs. Eddy herself—she sets herself up so it makes me boil all over."

The girl made no reply.

"I would like to tell you something, my dear," and here the woman cleared her throat.

"Lucy Briggs knows all about Mrs. Eddy and she says——"

"Who is Lucy Briggs?" interrupted Gloria, for she had heard the name on several occasions.

"Lucy Briggs is my cousin, and she lives in Boston," with the air of utmost importance.

After a moment's pause the woman continued, "Lucy Briggs says that Mrs. Eddy takes medicine herself, and that she goes to see a doctor."

The words evidently did not produce the effect upon the youthful listener that the speaker had expected.

"Lucy Briggs lives very near to Mrs. Eddy's house and she knows that Mrs. Eddy has an underground passage that leads to a doctor's office!"

Gloria raised her eyebrows and laughed mirthfully.

"Mrs. Mitchell, how can you credit such nonsense?"

"It isn't nonsense," retorted the woman. "Lucy Briggs has an intimate friend whose sister knows a friend of the doctor, and she says it's all true, though most folks are ignorant of it."

The girlish laugh and utter disregard for such a confidential secret was not altogether appeasing to the woman. "There's just this much about it," she continued, "I would study Christian Science and look into it more if it wasn't for that Mrs. Eddy, but I don't want anything to do with it as long as she is in it, for I don't like her and I don't care if you know it. I never liked to speak of this before to you," she said half-apologetically, as Gloria stood somewhat abashed at her outburst, "but it is just how I feel. The more I read and think about her, the worse I dislike her."

Gloria had learned the wisdom of refraining from speech on such occasions. Mrs. Mitchell thought she saw a look of pity on the sweet face as the girl arranged her music and closed the piano.

"Kind of hard on the girl," thought the woman, "but I feel it my duty to warn her."

"Good-night," said the girl, gently, as she went lightly up the stairs.

"Well, I wonder who 'twas she felt sorry for,"

resumed Mrs. Mitchell, to herself, as she straightened the rug energetically. Somehow, her revelation hadn't ended quite as she had anticipated.

"I don't care what she thinks about that woman—and I know by the way I've seen her look at that picture of her on the wall that she just worships her—but I don't, far from it," with another shove of the rug.

"There's that neuralgia coming on again," she exclaimed, as she felt a sharp twinge in her face. "No sleep to-night, I suppose, and those doctors can't do a thing."

Gloria had retired immediately upon reaching her room, and was soon fast asleep. Some hours later she was awakened by what sounded like a moan of pain. She thought she must be mistaken, but sat up in bed to listen. Soon another and another low cry smote her ears.

"It is from Mrs. Mitchell's room," thought the girl, "what shall I do?" Meanwhile she mentally declared that harmony filled all space and pain had no rightful existence.

Another moan, however, decided her, and she donned a light bath robe and stepped noiselessly across the hall. The sick woman was now moaning too loudly to hear the repeated rap, so Gloria softly entered the room.

"Mrs. Mitchell, what is the trouble?"

"Oh, this pain is unbearable!" the woman cried, as Gloria laid a gentle hand on her shoulder. "I'm sorry I wakened you, but, oh, this horrible neuralgia!" She sat up in bed and rocked back and forth in agony.

"Can I do something for you?" said the voice, softly. "You know, I'd be glad to help you if you wish it."

"I don't know what you can do," groaned the woman. "Medicine don't do me any good, and I've given up the poultices."

"I wish she'd go ahead and treat me her way," thought the woman. "She ought not to let me suffer like this."

"Oh, what shall I do!" she sobbed, with nervous excitement, as a fresh paroxysm seized her.

"I will do anything you wish," said Gloria, kindly.

"Can I bring you anything from down stairs? I am not afraid to go down alone."

"No," was the short reply. "Did you ever have neuralgia?"

"No, but mother used to suffer from it. She doesn't any more," she added, softly.

"Science?"

"Yes."

“Miss Gilman,” turning with sudden determination to the girl, “do you believe my—feeling toward Mrs. Eddy could have any connection with this pain to-night?”

The question surprised Gloria, as it disclosed the fact that the woman had gained more than a little from her furtive glances at the book.

“All wrong thoughts bring us under the rod—and hate is not productive of harmony,” was the gentle response.

“Yes, hate, that’s the right word for it,” exclaimed the woman sitting upright. “It has been like a seething volcano in my breast all day,” with a peculiar glitter in her eyes that Gloria had never seen there before. “I like ‘what’s in that book,’ but I can’t read it without thinking of Mrs. Eddy and then I get a hot, burning feeling in my head.”

Gloria was silent, but her look was very loving, as it rested upon the suffering face. At last she spoke:

“Dear Mrs. Mitchell, my mother was healed of chronic invalidism, and my sister was brought back almost from the dead; you have seen Muriel Lee restored to health and I have told you how I have been healed of acute pain in my side. Cannot you believe these things and love the good woman who made it possible that these dear ones and thou-

sands of others should be made well? A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit. If you will just let love—impersonal love—for everybody just flood your being so that you *feel* it, I know that the pain will disappear.”

“ ‘ And o’er earth’s troubled, angry sea,
I see Christ walk,
And come to me, and tenderly,
Divinely talk.’ ” ¹

“ Say that again, dear,” with a catch in her voice as the pain seemed returning. Gloria went over it the second time. “ If I can do nothing more for you I will leave you now,” she said, softly. “ And if you want me for anything at all, call me.” The door closed softly and Mrs. Mitchell was alone.

¹ “ Miscellaneous Writings,” p. 397.

CHAPTER XV

TRAVIS MAKES A DEMONSTRATION

“SHE might have done me some good,” thought the sufferer, “had she treated me, but I couldn’t bring myself to ask her.” A sudden twinge of pain made the woman wince, and as she rocked to and fro she thought of the sweet, gentle face and the beautiful verse Gloria had repeated to her. “Maybe that child is right, and I ought to love everybody—Mrs. Eddy must be good to write a book that raised Muriel Lee and put her on her feet. Oh, why am I so hateful!” she sobbed, remorsefully.

Presently she forced herself for a moment to endure the pain, but as a fresh paroxysm seized her, she clutched spasmodically at the covers. Suddenly she bolted from the bed and sinking on her knees, cried out:

“Oh, God, I do love you—I love Mrs. Eddy, I love everybody. She is good and I know she is. Take this horrid hate from me, I shall never speak another word against her, for I love her—I love her and everybody.”

The voice ceased and the figure with a strangely quiet feeling returned to bed and sank upon the soft pillow. "How peaceful I feel and how happy!" The first thing that she knew after that was that daylight was shining in at the window.

"What does this mean?" she thought, bewilderingly, as she took her watch from under her pillow. It was just six o'clock. She put her hands to her face. "No swelling," she exclaimed in astonishment, "and no stiffness, nor soreness." She moved her face about in incredulous recognition of the fact.

"Why, I feel light-hearted as a girl," she mused, as she went hastily downstairs. "I wonder what Miss Gilman will say!"

"Good morning," said the cheery voice, as Gloria looked into the kitchen before going to the breakfast table.

"Oh, I'm as fresh as a daisy," exclaimed Mrs. Mitchell, with vivacity. "I had a fine sleep and when I awoke this morning the sun was gilding everything in the room. Not even any stiffness left." Then she related her experience to Gloria.

"I'm so glad," breathed the girl, rapturously. "Love was the true antidote and chased the error right away."

"Yes," agreed the woman, with a new light in

her eyes. "I'm going to be different now. You'll see."

Several days passed before Gloria had another opportunity for a chat with Mrs. Mitchell. She had noticed, however, a softening of her manner whenever Science had been mentioned, and was not surprised one afternoon to find the lady waiting for her in a very happy frame of mind.

"Miss Gilman, wait until I tell you what happened to-day," she exclaimed with awe, as she followed Gloria to her room and seated herself near her.

"Something good, I can see."

"I know how glad you'll be," and she paused. "For ten years I have not spoken to John White, the man who owns the big house opposite"—pointing to a spacious dwelling plainly visible from the window—"nor he to me. It all happened because of some chickens of his that got into my newly made garden and scratched up all the seeds. We had words over it and although we've passed each other by lots of times neither of us ever spoke to the other from that day. I knew he hated the sight of me and—well, I wasn't in love with him. After that night when you talked so plain to me about love and hate, I just knew that I would have to love that man, too." A bright flush warmed

the cheeks of the woman, as Gloria gave her a glowing look. "Yesterday, as I was looking at the pretty roses in the yard an idea came to me, and before I knew what I was a doing I just picked some of the prettiest flowers I could find and went straight across the street and up to the front stoop where the old man was sitting. I could see I took him terribly by surprise; and my own heart was beating as though it were coming out, but I walked right up to him, put the roses into his lap and said: 'I am sorry for not speaking to you all these years and I'm going to do different in the future.' Before he could get his breath I was out of the gate and over here on my own porch."

Gloria's face was beaming.

"Nor is that all!" exclaimed the happy woman. "After I'd finished my dinner dishes today I looked out on the stoop and there stood John White just going to ring the bell. He went home a little while before you came. We had such a good talk together. I thought you wouldn't mind so I ran up and got Mrs. Eddy's book of *Miscellaneous Writings* that has that piece, 'Love Your Enemies' in it. I took it down to him and said, 'Here's the piece that brought me to my right mind, perhaps you'd like to read it.' Well, he took it out of my hand and read every word of it. He

seemed deeply affected by it, too, and said that it was certainly the most beautiful thing he had ever read."

"Well, you are progressing beautifully. How wonderful are the ways of Love!"

Even Arnold Travis remarked the unusually happy look upon his aunt's face.

"Yes, I'm looking into that book that has made so many other people happy," she returned, smiling.

"H'm, still another one," glancing at Gloria.

"We must all learn, you know," replied the girl, "and blessed are they who prove for themselves."

"Some one told me that you are reading *Science and Health*, Arnold?" said his aunt, interrogatively.

He gave Gloria a swift glance which did not escape his aunt's quick eyes.

"No, it wasn't Miss Gilman. A little bird told me." Arnold immediately decided the little bird to be Muriel Lee—but he did not voice his suspicion.

"Yes, I am reading it, and shall continue my study of it."

The tone was kind, but carried with it the impression that he did not wish any further questioning upon the subject.

The days sped by and soon the end of November had arrived.

"This will be our last game this year, I'm thinking," said Douglas on Saturday afternoon, as the quartette made their way to the grounds.

"We have certainly enjoyed these beautiful afternoons, even if others would call croquet very 'tame,' haven't we, Miss Lee?" said Travis, appealing to the dainty lady who, upon this occasion, was clad in a soft yellow gown with pretty trimmings.

"I have indeed," cried the girl, brightly, flushing slightly under the admiring glance.

"How well that color tones with your hair!" he said, as his gaze rested for a moment on the pretty dress, then on the blond head, while the wind played gently with the stray curls.

"Arnold, thou art verily returning to thy youth," laughed the rich voice of Douglas, as he noted the animated look on his friend's face. "Months ago I thought that age was fastening itself on you, but 'pon my word, you look younger every day."

"Have you not yet discovered that there is no age in Science?" returned the gentleman, with mock gravity.

Muriel laughed and clapped her hands in her childish fashion. "These men are discussing 'age,'" she said, turning to Gloria, who had re-

turned to the house for a moment but now came hatless toward them.

"I'm sure they know that age does not count," said Gloria, with an arch look.

While the men were selecting the mallets, Muriel glanced at Gloria. "Why did you wear Mr. Irving's dress instead of mine? You look beautiful in blue, of course, but I just love to see you in pink," she said, naïvely.

Gloria flushed. "Why do you call this Mr. Irving's dress?" apparently deeply in thought over a refractory bow at her waist.

"Why, because I heard him say to Mr. Travis once as you came out of the house dressed in blue, that you made him think of a blue forget-me-not. I think he meant that it was hard to forget you after he had seen you in blue," finished the girl, innocently.

"I notice that you wear yellow," said Gloria, looking up with a mischievous twinkle in her dark eyes, though her face was still flushed.

"Yes, you like it best, you know, and Mr. Travis likes it, too," demurely.

"I feel that we are going to get this game, Miss Lee," exclaimed Travis. And they did. Although Gloria and Douglas won the rest of the games, the first one remained a pleasant memory to them.

As they returned to the house Mrs. Mitchell appeared with cream and cake which she had prepared for them.

“Aunt Martha, this is a treat,” said Travis, as they seated themselves at the small tables in the music room.

“I heard you say that this would be your last game this year, so I thought I’d do my share in making it a pleasant occasion.” They all insisted that she share it with them, but she was determined that they should enjoy it by themselves, saying that she would take some across the street and eat it with Mr. White.

“I shan’t mix up with their plans,” she soliloquized, as she crossed the street. “’Pears to me they are terribly happy this afternoon. Muriel in her yellow gown and Gloria all in blue. Lands! but Arnold Travis may not remain a ‘chronic bachelor’ after all; and the way Douglas Irving looks at Miss Gilman! I believe he worships the ground she walks on and she acts all unconcerned about it. Any other girl’s head would have been turned long ago. If the fruit and flowers she gets from them young ones at school, and the looks that she gets from the handsomest man in Mapleville don’t turn her head, why, she’s extraordinary, indeed.”

“Are you very busy this evening, Miss Gil-

man?" asked Arnold Travis a week later, as he pushed back the curtains that led into the music room.

"Come right in, Mr. Travis, I was just looking over some new music, but it can wait, I am sure," said the girl, with a ready smile.

Travis seated himself in an easy chair and, putting his elbows on its wide arms, rested his chin on his hands.

It had been several days since he had mentioned Christian Science to Gloria while alone, although it was often brought into the conversation at the dinner table or when the four young people were together. Gloria observed a different look upon the man's face to-night. It was a trifle serious, yet on the whole was a satisfied and restful expression.

"I have something to tell you, which I think, will surprise you—anyhow it will please you."

Gloria gave his face a searching look and for the first time observed its unusual pallor; then she remembered that he had not appeared at the supper table.

The girl looked questioningly at him.

"Instead of taking a trip to Bridgeport to-day in an automobile as I had intended, I boarded the train at Mapleville station. As we reached the depôt here on my return, I foolishly jumped from

the step before the train had fully stopped. I landed on something which turned under me and threw me. As I fell, my weight came down heavily upon my left foot which was doubled under me, and as I tried to rise I knew that I had a sprained ankle. My first thought," with a reminiscent smile, "was to be extremely angry and I was on the point of giving vent to my feelings when suddenly a line from *Science and Health* rushed through my memory. It was a sentence which I had read several times that morning. I said nothing, as some one appeared just at that moment and assisted me into a carriage and brought me home."

"You must have come while I was over to Muriel's," exclaimed Gloria, "and your aunt was away from home also!"

"Yes, the house was deserted and here I was alone with a sprained ankle. By this time it was paining me almost beyond endurance and the foot had swollen to such an extent that I could not remove my shoe."

Gloria involuntarily glanced at the member in question and as it appeared to be in a normal condition something of what he was going to say revealed itself to her.

"I was excited enough about it now I can tell you!"

“ ‘Man’s extremity is God’s opportunity,’ ”
breathed the girl.

“ So it appeared. I happened to think of what you said to me one evening soon after you came here. ‘ Some day the opportunity will be given you to prove Science for yourself.’ There seemed nothing else for me to do and a sudden determination seized me. I took the little book and read in it how we should exercise control over our bodies. I remembered another talk we had had proving that ‘ things are not what they seem ’ and before I knew it, I found myself declaring that I had not been hurt, for perfection fills all space. I must have sat there about twenty minutes reading and reasoning alternately when I felt the pain ease a little and a drowsiness came over me. I managed to get to the couch and as I lay there I verily felt the pain leave little by little, then I seemed to feel the swelling recede. I did not know whether I was dreaming or not, but such a quiet, peaceful feeling came over me that I did not move. The next thing I knew the clock struck, and I had been asleep two hours. I felt the same peaceful feeling within me and not a pain or an ache in the disabled foot! I dared not look at the foot, but I felt such a sense of awe and gratitude that the pain had gone that I gave one bound and stood firmly on both feet.”

"I am so glad," murmured the girl, with a radiant look.

"Yes, I stood there, and still felt no pain. I looked down at my ankle and there it was as you see it now—perfectly normal. At once I strode around the room, but experienced no bad results—nothing that would suggest that an accident had ever occurred."

"And it never did in Truth," exclaimed Gloria. "Now, you *know*," she breathed, softly. "How glad your mother will be!"

"Yes, now I know. I have proven for myself the power of divine Mind. By Jove, mother will be delighted!"

"Did you tell your aunt?"

"Yes, and she is ever so pleased. It seemed she opened my door and, finding me asleep, did not disturb me."

"I have been gaining a better understanding of late, but a few more puzzling questions have presented themselves to me. I mentioned them to Miss Lee but she is perfectly happy, she says, to see as much light as she does, and knows that the rest will reveal itself to her at the right time."

"She is so dear," said Gloria, warmly. "She has already made several demonstrations in her

home and she constantly puts her understanding to practical test."

"I see that is the best thing to do," admitted the man. "I am glad of one thing that I learned from Mrs. Eddy; that is, that there is not a devil which constantly leads us into temptation and that after death rolls us about in a lake of brimstone with red-hot pitchforks."

Gloria's laugh rang out musically. "Did you really believe that?"

"Well, something like it. When I was a boy I heard some pretty rough sermons of the brimstone type, and I remember I had some doubts whether it might be the harps which would amuse me later or the dainty pitchforks."

"I have been troubled with the thought," resumed Travis, returning again to seriousness, "that Christian Science in teaching the unreality of sin, encourages its indulgence."

"Oh, no! you have a wrong idea," said the girl, quickly. "We do not believe that one can get rid of sin by ignoring it or by calling it a delusion. One does not do wrong because he believes there is nothing in it, but because he believes there is something in it. It is only as we perceive that there is no pleasure in sinning that we cease to sin; yet it is impossible to escape the punishment due to wrong-

doing. We need not fear sin, nor love it because it is not of God. The sinner is induced to abandon his belief in the power and pleasure of sin and to win forgiveness by forsaking sin. It is by gaining a love for goodness that one is enabled to abandon more quickly the phases of evil."

"I know there is no evil in God, so I reasoned that it could only *seem* to be in us."

"Of course, goodness can take no cognizance of evil," assented Gloria. "The more God-like a man becomes, the less he knows of evil. A mistake can be corrected only by knowing the truth about it. So it is with sin as well as sickness. It is healed to the extent that we know that the same fountain cannot 'both yield salt water and fresh' that 'in Him we live, and move, and have our being.' The possibility of destroying evil of any nature lies in the fact that it is only a temporal falsity, while good is the eternal reality."

"I see more clearly now," admitted the man, with a pleased voice. "We must see that sin cannot really belong to us—since God made us—and by learning more of the real and good, why, the erroneous beliefs will vanish."

"Yes," Gloria agreed. "When the nothingness of sin is made plain to us through the understanding of Truth, then we have no more interest

in its retention than has the urchin in his whilom belief that four and four are nine."

"I think that I shall see that more clearly as I perfect it in my own life. I begin to see that I have been somewhat of a conceited idiot, and that there are many ways in which I can elevate my thought. I understand more clearly than ever before that matter can in reality have no pain, because I proved it this afternoon for myself."

"And fruits are the very best evidences of our understanding," said the girl, earnestly.

"You are right there," returned Travis, positively. There was a moment's silence before he spoke again.

CHAPTER XVI

A THRILLING ADVENTURE

“ORTHODOX religion teaches that after man dies his soul is resurrected from his dead body. I never could see through such a miraculous performance. I am right in thinking Science repudiates such a belief, am I not, Miss Gilman?”

Gloria gave a decided nod. “Our resurrection should commence now. The putting off of the ‘old man with his deeds’—sin, disease and error—will bring to light the ‘new man’—the real, immortal man. Jesus proved that life is not in the body, else it would have been destroyed when his body was put to death.”

“That is certainly a much clearer thought. I am reminded of a conversation I heard to-day between two very small individuals. I believe they were both under six. It appeared that an aunt of the boy’s had passed away not long ago in his home. I presume his mother told him that the dear woman went to heaven. The lad was telling the little girl friend that ‘some part’ of his aunt had gone up to

the sky. 'What is it that goes up?' asked the little girl, with a puzzled look. 'Pooh!' returned the boy, with a supercilious air, 'why, the inside of course, the heart and lungs and like that.' "

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed Gloria laughing, though there were tears in her eyes. "The dear, little children!"

"I presume that the mother had told the lad that the soul which was inside had gone to heaven," declared Travis. "Children are quick to arrive at conclusions. Science is becoming more satisfactory to me every day, and you have been a great help to me. I feel I owe you a great debt of thanks," said the man, with warmth.

"I knew that the light would be revealed to you if you were earnest and persistent."

"I was conversing with an old friend the other day, and was surprised to learn that his sister had embraced Christian Science. He told me of a wonderful healing which she experienced with her eyes. Would you like to hear of it?"

"Yes, I should," she said, gladly.

"This young woman had the verdict of several specialists that nothing more could be done to restore her eyes to a normal condition, and that she must expect to wear glasses for the rest of her life. She was subject to severe headaches if she removed her

glasses even for a few minutes. She gave up reading almost entirely and could use her eyes but little for sewing. Worthington told me that the doctors intimated that his sister might lose her sight altogether. Well, it seems that the girl heard of Science somehow, and had treatments from a practitioner. The healer told her at the start, that she might use the glasses if she wished, and that she would know when to remove them. One afternoon, only a short time after she had commenced the treatments, while she was sewing, suddenly everything became black before her eyes. The girl removed her glasses and, after cleaning them thoroughly, returned them to her eyes. The darkness was as dense as before. She cleaned them again, but with the same result. The girl was now thoroughly frightened as she thought she was becoming blind. Simultaneously came the words of the practitioner to her 'You will know when you do not need your glasses.' Wonderingly she lifted the glasses from her eyes and looked down at her sewing. Her sight was perfect."

Gloria's face was radiant. "What a wonderful proof of God's practical Truth."

"Yes, it is. Worthington himself was quite affected as he told me about it. He said that his sister broke her glasses then and there, knowing that

she would never need them again. She never has; and she is now very earnest in the faith."

"Indeed, she should be," murmured Gloria.

"I told Worthington that I had been looking into the subject myself and he was quite surprised. I could see by his conversation that he also had been doing a little investigation. Once he slapped me on the shoulder, and said, 'I think the Scientists are inconsistent because they wear clothes, eat food, heat their houses, yet they affirm there is no reality in matter.' Now, how would you answer him?" asked Travis, tentatively, as he leaned back in his chair and looked full at the white-clad figure opposite.

"We can always point one to Jesus as our example," returned Gloria. "He healed the sick and raised the dead through his understanding of the nothingness of matter, yet he wore clothes and ate and drank. Christian Scientists claim no more than to be humble followers of Jesus, and know full well that they have but taken their first steps in following Him."

"I'll remember that and add it to the explanation, the next time I meet him. I thought that my arguments did not quite satisfy him, although I could see they made some impression."

"I am sure they did," responded the girl, in her enthusiastic manner. "Perhaps, before you see him

again, he will have thought it out to his entire satisfaction."

"He will have thought out a new lot of questions, I venture," remarked Travis, in a jocose vein. "He spoke of one thing which was a 'sticker' for me, too. He said, that, although he had seen his sister so wonderfully healed, and knew of others who had received health through Christian Science, he nevertheless heard now and then of one who did not recover under the Science treatment. He said that Omnipotence did not admit of failure, and one failure must place the entire method under suspicion."

Gloria noticed the cloud that seemed to darken the mental horizon of Travis. After a moment's thought, she said:

"An accurate mathematical rule would not produce perfect results unless it were perfectly applied. A failure to obtain the correct result would not be indicative of an error in the rule, but would make plain the fact that the student had not understood and applied the rule correctly. Christian Science cannot fail; but students of Christian Science may."

"Why, didn't I see that before!" exclaimed the man. "Of course should a boy fail to obtain the correct result to a problem in mathematics, I should

not think of condemning the book or the rules. I told him if a Christian Scientist died that he was not a *real* Scientist. Perhaps that was not quite right?"

Gloria's brow contracted slightly. "Paul said that 'the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.' A real Christian Scientist is one who, like the apostle, does not claim to have attained, but claims to be striving faithfully and persistently toward that attainment. 'Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.' Christian Scientists do not claim to have reached the zenith of demonstration of the allness of Mind and the nothingness of matter, but they accept this truth and prove it proportionately to their understanding."

At this moment Aunt Martha appeared in the doorway. "'Pears to me that you folks are more religious than common to-night: I have been here twice before, but you were too busy to notice me."

"What is it, Aunt Martha?" asked her nephew, well knowing that something preyed on the woman's mind.

"Well, it's this," she ejaculated, as she seated

herself in the nearest chair. "John White has offered his horse and buggy to me for to-morrow afternoon. I'm glad it will be Saturday, for I want Miss Gilman to go with me."

"You don't mean that dashy animal that the coachman drives early in the morning," said Travis, raising his hands in mock dismay. "I guess it must be Sallie that he will lend. Well, she's safe enough."

"You're nicely mistaken, I reckon, Arnold Travis," replied the lady, with more than usual vivacity in the black, snapping eyes. "It's Prince that we are to have, and he is perfectly safe and gentle, and not afraid of automobiles."

"Aunt Martha, I won't allow you to drive that animal!" said the man, now thoroughly alarmed. "He is no lady's horse, that I know, although he appears quite lambish."

"Lands! He's as gentle as a kitten," declared his aunt. "I've known how to manage a horse since I was a child. You don't think that I lived in Orange County on a farm all my younger days for nothing, do you, Arnold Travis? I can manage that horse as well as the coachman ever thought of doing; John White would not offer him if he did not think he was thoroughly safe," she added with determination.

“What does Miss Gilman say?” asked Travis, as he turned toward Gloria.

“Why, I shall not be afraid, I’m sure,” responded the girl. “Of course it would not be wise for us to run recklessly into danger, but if the owner thinks the horse is safe, and if Mrs. Mitchell understands driving, why I do not see that it would be injudicious.”

Mrs. Mitchell brightened perceptibly. “I’m glad you’re so sensible,” bestowing a grateful look upon Gloria.

Martha Mitchell had some failings. She liked extremely to have others feel her importance and to drive through town with this fancy high-stepper and to handle the ribbons alone, this prospect had been sufficient to occupy her waking and sleeping hours for several days.

When the time appointed for the drive came, Gloria stood on the porch waiting for the carriage to arrive. She had not long to wait, however, for soon a high vehicle appeared, drawn by a dark bay horse.

“What a beauty!” Gloria exclaimed, as she patted his glossy coat, and talked in a low, even tone to him. “Prince will take good care of the ladies, won’t you?” continued the girl, as she put her hand on his arched neck.

Mrs. Mitchell was sitting erect in the cart, her hands firmly holding the reins. She had great faith in the gentleness of the horse, and also full confidence in her own ability as a horsewoman. During her girlhood she had driven horses that many a man might well fear and she had conquered at every attempt.

While Gloria stood patting the beautiful animal Travis and Irving came down the street and quickened their steps at the sight which met their eyes. "Aunt Martha, you had better do a little demonstrating mentally as well as physically, I think. Where are you going?"

"I think that we shall drive toward Bridgeport; the roads are particularly good there."

"Well, you have a fine day, and I suppose that I must think you are perfectly safe."

Irving assisted Gloria into the cart. He felt dissatisfied that they were to go without the coachman, and raised his eyes, intending to voice his sentiments. As he looked into the sweet face turned to him, he thought he saw a gentle rebuke in the soft, dark eyes. Gazing more closely and earnestly into their clear depths he found nothing there but the reflection of peace.

"Divine protection always surrounds us, you know," she said, in a low voice, as she looked into

the grave eyes. At that moment Mrs. Mitchell spoke to the horse and they started. Gloria looked back as they were rounding the bend in the road. The two men lifted their hats as she waved her gloved hand to them.

“You need have no fear,” said Arnold, rather inconsistently, as he saw the concern in his friend’s face. “Aunt Martha is better than lots of men in managing a horse. Anyhow I think the horse has no faults besides high spirits.”

Douglas did not reply. Many times that day he remembered the soft radiance in the brown eyes and the happy smile parting the red lips.

For a few minutes Gloria and her companion both watched in silence Prince’s strong muscles under his shining coat. As the girl noted the manner in which the woman reined the horse she chided herself that she had allowed a single fear thought to enter her consciousness. The perfect ease with which Mrs. Mitchell guided the spirited steed proved at once her expert ability in that direction.

They drove toward Bridgeport for a distance of about ten miles, and then rested the horse for a short time.

“Prince certainly has behaved splendidly!” exclaimed Gloria, with enthusiasm, as they started for home.

"Of course; he is well trained and perfectly harmless," returned the driver, with a self-complacent air.

"I wonder if they all thought I was particularly anxious to get my bones broken at this late day," thought the woman, as she remembered the little faith they had placed in her judgment. "Lands! I know how to handle a horse as well as she knows how to handle those rascals in school," as her gaze rested on her fair companion.

"See the beautiful golden rod!" exclaimed Gloria. "I thought I had gathered the last the other day. May I get it, Mrs. Mitchell?"

"Of course, child, and take it home as a souvenir. You had better get out on my side as the road seems quite stony here." Reining the horse to the right side of the road, she put the reins gently on the front-board, while Gloria stood expecting to pass in front of her. Just at that moment an automobile came dashing by at a terrific speed. It approached from behind them and neither heard it until it was directly upon them. The startled animal reared and plunged to one side. Gloria was thrown violently to her seat. Mrs. Mitchell made a plunge for the reins but Prince had pulled the lines over the board when he had brushed his long tail over them.

As soon as the animal found himself uncontrolled he dashed forward. Mrs. Mitchell was terrified as she realized their perilous position and knew that it was because of her carelessness in yielding possession of the reins. Gloria clung firmly to the seat; her face was white, but in spite of the mad career of the horse and their terrific rate of speed, a strange sense of numbness took possession of her. She seemed to realize but in a vague way what was happening, while over and over again in her thought she echoed these words: "Love hath infinite resources." Fortunately the horse remained in the middle of the road and thus far they had met no one. As they flew over the familiar road Mrs. Mitchell suddenly thought of a railroad track some distance before them. "Suppose nothing stopped their mad career! Suppose the gates were down!" Almost petrified, she clutched the seat while the horse sped madly on. If Prince would only turn, but, no, he kept the straight road, though they both thought he was now slackening his pace. "But the track! What should they do?" Gloria now saw the big white gates in the distance. They were down. For a moment she felt herself grow faint, then with almost superhuman strength she cried aloud: "Love hath infinite resources." Nearer and nearer they came to the big closed bars. Sud-

denly Prince shied to one side. There was a crash, and for a moment, for the occupants of the vehicle, the light was blotted out.

A man rushed forward to where the horse stood trembling in every limb. A telephone pole had stopped his desperate career.

"Are you hurt, madam?" he asked, looking into the white, pain-stricken face of Mrs. Mitchell, as she lay by the side of the overturned cart.

"Never mind me. I'll live all right, but the young lady," she gasped, looking wildly around her. "Where—where is she?"

At that moment an automobile stopped near the scene of disaster and the occupants offered their assistance. A doctor happened to be among the group and he immediately took charge of Mrs. Mitchell, while the man sought for the girl.

"I think she is over there," said the doctor, pointing to something which lay some distance from them. There by the side of the low wall lay the motionless form. White and still was the face that was partly covered by one small hand. At the approach of the stranger Gloria opened her eyes and gave a little cry. "Are you hurt badly?" exclaimed the man, though he noticed that she lay on deep meadow grass and could not have struck the wall.

"No, I'm not hurt," she answered, "but I seem to feel stunned. How is Mrs. Mitchell?"

"She is hurt some. A doctor is with her. Shall I assist you?" as Gloria rose to a sitting posture.

"If you please."

Gloria rose slowly to her feet, leaning on the arm of the stranger. "Thank God I am uninjured," she murmured. "What a soft place I fell into!" At that moment she saw two men carrying the form of Mrs. Mitchell toward the automobile. Gloria hastened toward them.

"I'm glad you are not hurt," gasped the woman, as Gloria bent over her.

"And you?"

"I have a broken leg." A spasm of pain crossed her face. "Help me child—your way. This pain is terrible."

"I'll help you at once," whispered the girl, reassuringly. "Man cannot be injured in Truth." As they walked cautiously along with the sufferer, Gloria held the hand nearest her, and worked mentally for peace and harmony. The doctor gathered the older woman with tender care in his arms and placed her in the automobile in the position which would assure the least pain.

CHAPTER XVII

MENTAL SURGERY

TRAVIS and his friend were walking about the grounds when an automobile stopped in front of the house.

The doctor was the first to spring out and with assistance he lifted Mrs. Mitchell from the car.

“Heaven’s sakes! What’s the matter?” ejaculated Travis, as he rushed toward them.

Only a few words were necessary to explain the accident. “Where is the other lady?” asked Douglas, with poignant anxiety.

“I am here,” said Gloria, as she reached his side just in time to hear his question. “Mrs. Mitchell needs all our attention now.”

“But you—you are not hurt—are you sure?” His face manifested such deep concern that Gloria’s eyes fell beneath his gaze.

“I am unhurt,” she gently assured him. “It was indeed, a divine protection.” She hastened up the stairs with the injured woman, while Douglas

and Arnold listened to the exciting tale that the chauffeur poured into their ears.

"Greatest miracle they wasn't both killed," he added. "The horse was terribly scared and worked up, but had not a hair injured. I'm sorry for the lady, for she looked awful white and sufferin'."

Arnold was denied admittance to his aunt's room and waited impatiently until the doctor came down stairs. "Yes, she has the worst broken bone I ever saw," the doctor declared. "It would be impossible to set it now; too much swelling and inflammation. I shall be around in the morning." And with this he hurried away.

"Take these bandages right off, child," commanded Mrs. Mitchell, as the door closed behind the doctor's form.

Gloria stood a moment, irresolute.

"I've made up my mind," continued the woman, with determination. "I've gotten punished for my carelessness, but I'm going to stand on the right track now. No doctor shall set that limb, I tell you. I am going to trust God absolutely. Don't you believe that God can put that right?" she asked, pointing to the broken limb.

"'With God all things are possible,' " breathed the girl, "but we shall have to *know* it. Are you sure that you can trust Truth entirely?"

“ Yes, I want to prove to God that I love Him for His great goodness in sparing our lives to-day. This opportunity has been given me to see just how far I shall trust, and I’m going to trust absolutely,” she finished with tightly set lips.

Gloria saw that the woman was very decided, but she wanted no misunderstanding to hinder a perfect demonstration. “ You know that it is quite legitimate in Christian Science for the patient to have a doctor set the bone and leave the practitioner to take entire charge of the conditions afterwards? ”

“ Yes. I know it, child. I read that only the other day in *Science and Health*. But Mrs. Eddy said also that many wonderful results had been accomplished without the aid of a surgeon. Well, anyhow, I am determined. Now, please treat me; the pain is very bad,” she pleaded, with a tense drawing of the white face.

Gloria flushed and for an instant she struggled with a sense of fear. The patient was quick to note the girl’s hesitation. “ Are you afraid to take hold of it? ” she demanded.

“ I shall do my utmost for you,” returned the girl. “ Duty calls me and I must not fear to follow. God is supreme and we cannot fail if we trust Him absolutely.” As she declared these positive truths the sense of responsibility left her and she

slipped gently into a chair and worked earnestly for her friend. Two hours passed before the faithful practitioner was able to discover any change for the better. Then the inflammation had subsided slightly and the fever showed signs of abating.

"How are you now?" asked Gloria, softly.

"I can bear it a little better now," was the answer, and Gloria could see how brave she was trying to be, though the conditions were exceedingly serious.

The bone had been broken in such a way that the foot was bent upward and touched the knee. The doctor had left it in that position, fearing to move it until the time when he should consider setting it advisable.

Gloria read and worked alternately for another hour. It was six o'clock when the doctor left and now the town clock proclaimed ten. The tolling of the bell startled the patient who had been resting more peacefully for the last half hour.

"Child, I am better," she declared, gently, as she looked into the earnest face opposite her. "Please come here."

Gloria rose and approached the bed.

"I want you to take the foot and put it down in place," breathed the woman, firmly.

"No, oh no," returned Gloria, with quick de-

cision. "You declared your determination to trust God absolutely, now we must hold fast to that. Truth is able to set the limb without the aid of man. You know that in reality you are the perfect, whole idea of God—unchanged by the so-called laws of matter. If we can realize this truth clearly, what now seems to be misplaced to the mortal sense will be restored to harmony. There is no law, but the law of God, who made all, and maintains all perfect and intact."

"In the words of our dear Leader, Mrs. Eddy: 'Let discord of every name and nature be heard no more, and let the harmonious and true sense of Life and being take possession of human consciousness.'"

"How beautiful you talk! I see you are right. I shall trust God with it all."

For a moment they both remained quiet, each silently declaring the truth about God and man.

Suddenly there was a creak. Gloria heard it faintly as she continued with closed eyes to assert man's harmony forever absolute and intact with his Maker.

"Oh, Miss Gilman, Gloria! my foot has gone down, and the bone is set. I feel it!"

The woman's face had a halo of light about it, while a feeling of great awe and thanksgiving stole

over them both. Glad tears streamed down the patient's cheeks.

“ ‘ He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also,’ ” breathed the girl, “ and we believed. How grateful are we to her who made it possible for us to demonstrate Jesus's teachings! ”

They both looked at the limb. There was still some inflammation and the flesh was very bruised and discolored, but Gloria believed implicitly that the bone had set properly. She had heard the slight noise herself when the bone slipped into place.

After she had read some hymns to her patient, Gloria noticed the quiet, regular, breathing and, looking up, saw that the woman had fallen into a restful sleep.

The girl moved noiselessly about the room and made preparations to sleep on the couch. She lay awake, however, for some little time continuing to work for her patient until she felt absolutely convinced that the demonstration had been made.

Gloria was awakened by the daylight shining in at the window. Her first thought was for Mrs. Mitchell. Sitting up in bed, she looked around at the patient who was still sleeping. Stealing noiselessly from her couch, she sought her own room where she donned a pretty white morning dress.

It was Sunday and Gloria was glad, for it gave

her a long day to be with her patient. Arnold had seen his aunt but a moment, as the doctor had peremptorily ordered him to a hasty retreat. He had dined with Muriel, as Gloria did not want to leave his aunt's side, and he knew nothing about 'kitchen affairs.' This he had confided to Gloria when he met her in the hall as she went in search of her wrapper for the night.

Gloria realized that much was to be required of her to-day. The doctor had promised an early call and she must be in mental readiness to meet his arguments. She was sure that Mrs. Mitchell would not have him touch her, and that the wisest and gentlest course must be pursued.

After reading for a half hour she sat quietly treating her patient and earnestly declaring that wisdom and harmony alone reigned in her own thought and in the thought of her patient.

With a very light heart she made her way to the kitchen where she prepared a bountiful breakfast for the sick one. At that moment a gentle rap at the door caught her attention, and she was glad to find her early caller to be Alice.

"Miss Muriel sent me to help you for a few days."

"How good of her!" responded Gloria. "Come right in. You are just in time to prepare break-

fast for Mr. Travis." After giving Alice the necessary instructions, Gloria took her tray up stairs.

"I'm awake, child," said Mrs. Mitchell, as Gloria softly opened the door. "Only a moment ago I opened my eyes to find the soft beams of the sun resting upon me and my room-mate gone. What a dear girl you have been to me," she went on, with moist eyes, "after the cruel treatment I subjected you to yesterday. Why, you might have been killed and——"

"Now I thought that you were not going to refer to that affair again," interrupted Gloria, with a warning finger. "You must obey the practitioner, you know, or she will leave directly. How is your thought this morning?" she asked, brightly.

"Oh, I feel so relieved here," she said, laying her hand on her breast. "The pain in my leg was terrible and I believe I shall always remember that ride home, although the doctor was kind and did all he could for me, but even that suffering was not to be compared to the load on my heart."

"There must be no more self-condemnation."

"It is queer, but it seems to be all gone this morning; and I have felt but little pain since I opened my eyes. It's all so strange. I can scarcely believe it."

"It is true, too, that you are hungry, and I have

brought you some breakfast," and Gloria deftly arranged the tray before her.

"Isn't this lovely?" cried the woman, glancing at the tempting meal. "I am, indeed, hungry. That egg looks delicious enough for a king, and your toast is like gold."

Gloria now busied herself about the room, putting everything in immaculate order.

"Thank you so much, dear," murmured the patient, as Gloria gathered up the empty tray. "It was all delicious. But you must not do any more work in the kitchen. I've been thinking that Arnold had better send for Lucy Briggs. We need someone right away to relieve you."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Mitchell. Love has already filled the place. Muriel sent her nurse Aliee over early this morning and she will be most proficient, I'm sure."

"Dear Muriel, bless her heart! Yes, Alice will meet our needs nicely. You are all so good I feel just overwhelmed," said the woman, as her handkerchief went quickly to her eyes.

"None of that now—you know you promised. We are glad to do all we can for you."

"But that's just it; I haven't done a thing for you, but——"

"Why, Mrs. Mitchell!" exclaimed the girl,

with fun in her eyes. "I shall punish your continued disobedience by turning you entirely over to the doctor."

"Oh, no, not that!" returned the other, with consternation. "And that reminds me that he'll be here this morning. We haven't looked at my leg," she said, softly.

"No, I think it best that we wait now until the doctor comes. As long as there is no pain we need not give it our attention. Let us think only of the realities."

While Gloria returned down stairs for her breakfast, Mrs. Mitchell was left with her own thoughts.

"Oh, how good I'm going to be when I get up again! That girl is a jewel and an uncommon one at that. She'll make any man's life one long moment of happiness. She looked like an angel when my leg snapped into place. You've got to be awful good; I guess that is the secret of it, if you want to heal others. When I get up again I'm not going to see other people's badness any more. There's Nellie Long, I know she's the biggest tattler in Mapleville and Sophie Bryan's tongue is always saying something unpleasant, but maybe the mote in their eyes won't appear so large when I've removed the beam from my own vision. I'm just going to everybody I know and tell them what

Christian Science has done for me and get them to be Scientists, too. That's what I'll do."

The soliloquy was here interrupted by the entrance of Gloria and Dr. Banning. Gloria had wisely refrained from acquainting the doctor with any of the facts concerning the patient's present condition.

"You are looking bright," said the doctor, in his cheery voice, as he approached the bed. "Fever all gone?"

"Oh, yes, that left last night, and I had a good sleep after twelve o'clock."

"H'm, well, we hope the setting will soon be over. I have felt a little uneasy about the limb, but your clear eyes and good color give me hope that I will find things in pretty good shape for the task."

Gloria stood at the foot of the bed with slightly quickened pulse, though she was earnestly knowing that nothing but good could be seen.

The doctor carefully removed the coverings. "The foot has been pulled down," exclaimed the man, with decided show of displeasure.

"I have not touched it, sir," said Gloria, as her eyes met his searching glance. The girl's tone was gentle but positive, and she steadfastly encountered his professional scrutiny. There was no room to

doubt in the frank face and the doctor turned his gaze back to the patient, giving the injured member his closest attention.

"Inflammation gone. Excellent—better than could be expected." Then, after a minute examination, "Why, the leg is set! and no splints used, and the bandages, where are they?"

The amazement and utter bewilderment that the physician now manifested was quite enjoyed by the patient. She had expected an outburst as soon as the doctor had found the bandages gone; but he had been so surprised to find the foot in place that the removal of the bandages had not occurred to him.

"In Heaven's name, woman, what have you done!" demanded the man, excitedly, as the patient did not reply—"and how came you to remove the bandages?"

Mrs. Mitchell now had the color of a school-girl, while her dark eyes were full of soft light.

"I had Christian Science treatment and my leg snapped into place," she said, simply.

"Schuchs! with your Christian Science!" burst from the physician in fine scorn. "Do you believe——"

"Is the limb properly set?" interrupted the woman, gently.

“ Yes, it’s set better than I could have done it,” he admitted, with contracted brow.

“ And no inflammation? ”

“ No.”

“ Then, how do you account for it? No one has touched it except, immediately after your departure, to remove the bandage, which you remember, I did not wish to have put on.”

The truth of the matter was that the woman was thoroughly enjoying the physician’s predicament and delayed her explanation until he gave his version of it.

“ I’ll tell you what it is ”—here the gentleman stroked one side of his face very fervently. “ It is a case of the law of gravitation operating. It’s a very rare thing—very rare, indeed, but I’ve heard that it operated in such a break as this. Nature, you know——”

“ Dr. Banning, don’t delude yourself with any such nonsense,” interrupted the woman, with great firmness. “ Sit down and I will tell you all about it.”

CHAPTER XVIII

INTERESTING DEVELOPMENTS

MRS. MITCHELL then told the physician that she had asked Miss Gilman to treat her, and how they had depended absolutely upon divine Power to operate in her behalf.

After learning how the pain had eased and the bone had snapped into place, the doctor plainly looked uncomfortable. There was no doubt of the verity of Mrs. Mitchell's statements; her voice trembled slightly while she was talking, but her eyes had a clear sparkle and great fervor filled her tone.

"I believe what you say, of course, regarding the bone snapping into place," he began, "but the law of gravitation has been known to work in just such a way."

"And has the law of gravitation caused the inflammation to subside—the swelling to go down—the pain to cease—sleep to come and the patient to eat a hearty meal several hours later?" asked the woman, now that the doctor persisted in affirming that something besides God had delivered her.

“ Well—er—I never studied such cases minutely, you know. However, this bone requires immediate attention. We shall have to splint and bandage it and the greatest care and precaution need to be exercised.”

“ No, indeed! no more bandages shall go on that leg,” was the firm and surprising response. “ Christian Science has gone so far with it; it shall carry me the rest of the way.”

“ Woman, are you crazy? Do you know that unless this limb is bandaged you will be a cripple for the rest of your life?” The physician seemed thoroughly exasperated. “ Why, just a slight move or jar and the bones will not set properly and you may never be able to walk again as long as you live—at the best you would be a helpless cripple.”

Gloria had been standing all this while by the window. They had forgotten her presence. Now she stepped quietly to the foot of the bed. As her large, lustrous eyes sought those of Dr. Banning, he marveled at the serene calm in their depths. Her voice was gentle, though filled with great strength and firmness.

“ Dr. Banning, no matter how you view this case or what you may think regarding what Mrs. Mitchell has confided to you, it cannot change the fact that the truth of God as revealed through

Christian Science, has been the only law that operated so beneficially and perfectly in this case. We simply believe in God's promises to preserve man, and through the principles of Christian Science we proved them true. No law, save the law of divine Love, has ever caused evil to be supplanted with good. Your version is altogether wrong. Knowing as we do that God has brought about this marvelous condition should we not be faithless, indeed, if we do not trust him to complete the cure without artificial aids? "

The grace and beauty of her bearing, together with the calm, girlish face, her simple manner, and a certain expression in the dark eyes which the doctor was unable to fathom, awoke a new feeling within him. He was a kind man at heart and, having a daughter of his own, Gloria's gentle pleading touched him.

" Yes, child, certainly you have a right to stand by your own convictions. I am deeply interested in the case and I am glad that Mrs. Mitchell has escaped the suffering usually attendant upon such cases. However, you must remember that I have practiced medicine for over twenty-five years, and have within that time set hundreds of bones. I know by experience, if that bone is not properly bandaged and cared for, that the woman will be

crippled for life. If you want to take the responsibility of the case, of course, it rests with you."

"The decision rests with Mrs. Mitchell altogether," corrected Gloria as her eyes sought those of her friend.

"I have no fear of any such conditions as the doctor suggests," answered the woman, "and my wish is to rely absolutely and entirely upon Christian Science treatment. I know it will not fail me."

Gloria gave her a glowing look.

"Then I am discharged," said the doctor, good-naturedly. "Well, I sincerely hope it will be as you expect, but if it is it will be the greatest miracle I ever saw performed. I have nothing against Christian Science, and I have heard that it accomplishes much good, but in a case like this, in my estimation, it's simply preposterous."

"Are you a regular practitioner?" he asked, turning suddenly to Gloria.

"To practice Christian Science is to think rightly on all subjects," said the girl in her even tone. "Every man, woman, and child with even a small understanding of Christian Science becomes in a degree a practitioner, for his religion is practical and if he is a consistent believer, he practices what he preaches. Mrs. Mitchell wanted Science

treatment and as she knew of no older practitioner to call upon, it seemed my duty to respond to her pleadings."

After the doctor had departed, Gloria realized the necessity of denying the laws which he had voiced and in affirming man's dominion over these worldly beliefs. "Had not God blessed them abundantly so far? Surely He had, and she would trust Him to the uttermost."

"I feel so comfortable," said Mrs. Mitchell, as Gloria lifted her face from her work. "The doctor meant all right, but I just know that his laws cannot harm me. You didn't think that I'd be so strong, did you?"

"I am more than glad to see you so firm," said Gloria, looking into the glad face, "and your faith shall not go unrewarded." She gave the hand nearest her a gentle pressure.

"Nor shall you go unrewarded for your great kindness to me," returned the woman, responding warmly to the gentle pressure. "Now you can bring me something to read. I think the hymn book would be nice, and then I shall need no more attention for some time. I'm sure Alice will attend to my dinner for me."

"God bless her," thought the woman, fervently, as Gloria softly closed the door. "I shall learn

from her how to be a good Christian Scientist, so that I can help others."

The weeks sped by quickly, even to the patient, and one afternoon found her down stairs in a comfortable rocker in the pleasant sitting room.

"I've certainly had the best care that anyone could have," she was telling Muriel, who had been a daily visitor at the cottage. "Gloria has been so faithful with my daily treatment; Alice has been so watchful and careful for us all; Arnold has been most enthusiastic over my healing, and you, dear, have spent so many hours with me. The reading and the singing which we had did wonders for me. How good God is!" she said, fervently.

"Yes," agreed the girl. He was so good to send Gloria into our midst. When do you think you will walk?" she queried, after a moment's pause.

"Oh, very soon," returned the woman, a soft light in her face. "Gloria said she would rather I did not use a cane; I cannot walk very well yet, but I feel sure that I shall soon be my old self again.

"Gloria said I might use the cane if I preferred to, but I think she was afraid I'd depend upon it too much, and I know that she is right."

"Where is Gloria?" asked Muriel. "I have

been so overjoyed at finding you down stairs that I forgot to miss Gloria." The girl had been sitting with her wraps on, but now rose and removed her heavy fur coat. She and Gloria nowadays spent much of their time together, for their friendship was one of the dearest things in their lives.

"I believe Gloria went out with Mr. Irving. I think they were going to the library for some book."

"I think he is quite fond of Gloria, don't you?" said Muriel, softly, as she looked into the face of the older woman.

"Well, if anyone puts such looks in his eyes as I have seen in his sometimes when he is watching Gloria, and don't mean something, well, then I'm a greenhorn."

"Maybe he doesn't look that way when she is watching him," mused Muriel, innocently. "Well, he's a grand man, and to think that he is studying Science, too! I never heard him speak much of his mother, though I know she is a widow and they live together."

"I'll tell you what I heard the other day from a friend of Mrs. Irving's. She said that Douglas' mother just cried most all the time and was getting real sick looking. It's terrible queer to me, but

she does not approve of Christian Science and so she dislikes Gloria because she brought the Science to her son. She seems to think that Science has separated her from her boy and blames Gloria for a good deal of it!"

"The idea!" exclaimed Muriel, with indignation. "Gloria is the loveliest, dearest, kindest girl in the world. If she did not want Science to separate them, as she calls it, then why doesn't she study it herself?"

"That's it. She calls it the work of the devil and thinks her son is going to destruction." Muriel's laughter rang out merrily.

"Imagine calm, strong Douglas Irving going to destruction! Do you know, Mrs. Mitchell, I think that even Mr. Irving has changed in some ways since he came into Science. While his face always manifested a great sense of purity and goodness, still it lacked something. I don't know, as you will understand exactly what I mean, but the light wasn't there."

"Yes, I know," said the other. "You mean the awakening, the quickening that the Bible speaks about?"

"Yes, that is it. It brings a new light into the face. That was what I first noticed in Gloria's eyes—that wonderful light. It's in your eyes, too,

since the accident, and lately I have noticed it in Mr. Irving's eyes."

"Well, it was worth a broken leg, and cheap at that. And I'm sure that your eyes tell the wondrous light of Truth, dear," said the woman clasping the warm hand.

"What about Arnold? Where is he in your category?" with a sly look into the sweet face.

Muriel could not account for the warmth that came into her cheeks.

"He is coming around," she answered, softly.

Meanwhile Gloria and her companion had found the desired book and started on their way homeward. It was one of those clear, cold November days. The snow had not yet whitened the ground, although a heavy storm seemed pending.

Gloria wore a tight-fitting fur coat which well suited the perfect lines. The brisk air from the water ruffled her hair and deepened the nectarine-like tint on her cheek, while her eyes were half veiled by their long lashes.

"Are you sure that you are warm enough?" asked Douglas, with unconcealed concern.

"Oh, yes!" with a silvery ripple, while the dark eyes twinkled with mischief. "Were you going to give me your coat?" she asked, with an arch look.

At the remembrance of their last day on the water they both laughed. "Poor little mother!" said Douglas, "I only wish she understood me."

"She will in time. All you can do is to show her by your life what Christian Science is doing for you. It takes some natures a long time to be willing to accept the Truth."

Douglas felt that he did not care to continue the subject. It pained him to remember that his mother thought ill of this beautiful, pure girl at his side. Immeasurable good he had already gained from the gentle purity of her example.

They walked on with even steps, each occupied with deep thinking. Douglas was first to break the silence.

"To me it was nothing short of a miracle, that wonderful demonstration that you made for Arnold's aunt. I did not know that such marvelous things could be accomplished."

"It is not a miracle, but the working out of a definite principle as demonstrated by Jesus," said the girl, gently. "Some time you will have to attend a Wednesday evening meeting; it is so beautiful to listen to the testimonies. You will hear them tell how they are applying the rules which Jesus gave nearly two thousand years ago; and how they are solving their problems."

“How strange that people think we do not read the Bible!” said Douglas. “Several men have looked their surprise when they questioned me regarding Christian Science and I quoted passages from the Bible to meet their arguments.”

A look of pleasure swept over the girl's face, as she realized that he, too, was becoming a power for good in the world.

“Christian Science reverences the Bible and stimulates interest and study in the Word as no other religion has ever done. I would not hesitate to say that hundreds of thousands of Bibles have been bought as a result of Mrs. Eddy's teachings.”

“I know of one Bible that is being studied because of it,” observed the man, with a warmth that did not escape the girl's notice. She gave him a quick, pleased look.

“Some argue, too,” he pursued, “that the cures are not real, that the testimonies given at the meetings are not true.”

“If the cures were not real the Christian Science Church would have collapsed years ago. People predicted an early demise of Christian Science—and what are some of the symptoms? There are more than one thousand organizations in the United States and a new Christian Science church or center is being established at the rate of one every four

days. It numbers new adherents by the hundred every week. Meetings are now held from Christiania to the Transvaal and from the Persian Gulf to the Pacific Coast."

The girl's evident enthusiasm was contagious and Douglas felt that he would like to listen to her talk forever. A short turn in the road revealed Mrs. Mitchell's cottage. The man felt sorry that the walk was at an end. The storm was now close upon them and the snow was gently falling.

"Winter will soon be here in dead earnest," remarked Douglas, "and Christmas is not far away."

"I shall go home for the holidays. And how much I shall have to tell my family!"

Douglas remained silent for half a minute, while he watched the movement of her pretty, graceful hands, as she stopped at the gate and brushed away the truant locks that the wind persisted in blowing about her face.

"How many Sundays shall I have to read the Lesson alone?" he asked. Gloria lifted a face that smiled bewitchingly under a distractingly becoming hat, shaded with long, willowy white plumes.

"Just two, I think," she said, tentatively.

"H'm." He looked into the soft, velvety eyes until they drooped before his gaze.

“Well, *au revoir*, Miss Gilman,” and slipping the book into Gloria’s hand, he lifted his hat and turned his steps homeward.

“How short a time until Christmas,” sighed the girl, as she watched the retreating form until it disappeared from view. And, indeed, the days passed quickly enough. Gloria’s life at school was every day becoming more gratifying to her. The children loved her dearly and her own heart had a very warm place for each of them.

One day, about two weeks after Mrs. Mitchell had been brought down stairs, Gloria was delighted as she emerged from school to find Muriel and Mrs. Mitchell waiting for her on the street.

“You really don’t look so much surprised,” said Mrs. Mitchell, in a tone of disappointment. “Aren’t you astonished to find me walking unaided on the street?”

“Why, I have been expecting it for the last few days,” replied Gloria, gladly. “Have we not been knowing that His rod and His staff are sufficient for you?” she added, seriously.

“Yes, of course, we have and, oh, I’m so glad that it’s come! See, I don’t limp a bit and feel as spry as a young girl!” she announced, grandiloquently.

Gloria's face was radiant as she rested her gaze upon her friend.

"But wait until I tell you what Mrs. Mitchell did," cried Muriel, giving Gloria's arm a surreptitious squeeze, and laughing infectiously.

"We were walking down the street when we happened to spy Dr. Banning in Thompson's drug store. Before I knew it, Mrs. Mitchell took my arm and hurried me into the store. She walked up to the doctor who had his back to us. I wish you could have seen his face when he turned around." Muriel's laugh rang out musically as she clapped her hands in childish delight. "He was so *surprised*. He actually put his hand on the counter for support."

"But didn't keep it there very long," interrupted Mrs. Mitchell, "because I made him shake hands with me and say how glad he was to see me."

"Yes," went on Muriel, "and when he asked her to walk across the room, she walked briskly around, and then just bounced right up and down on the once-injured leg.

" 'Don't—don't do any more,' the doctor said, enjoying her ecstasy. 'I am convinced,' but here he scratched his head very slowly. 'I'm glad I didn't wager my reputation on it!'"

Gloria thoroughly enjoyed Muriel's reacting of

the little scene, her expressive face showing intense interest in every feature. She was pleased that Dr. Banning had evidenced such a kindly attitude.

Arnold Travis overtook the trio before they gained the house. "You seem like happy girls," he remarked. "And so, Aunt Martha, you are out on all fours again! But," seriously, "I'm down-right glad," and he took his aunt's arm in his.

"I guess you have been pretty much occupied of late, Miss Gilman?" turning to Gloria, who looked up questioningly.

"I haven't been able to catch a glimpse of you, excepting at the dinner table for some time and I have a nice little budget of questions on hand," he said, jocosely. "Miss Lee and I have had some talks, but we await your opinion on some of the weightier matters."

"And you will soon be going away for two big whole weeks," and here Muriel threw her arms around her friend. "But, then, how glad your mother will be to see you! I'm not going to be selfish," she said, with a decided nod, "and besides," she added, as an after thought, "we can write." They were standing on the piazza now, waiting for Mrs. Mitchell to open the door.

"Your father may be home to spend Christmas with you, you know."

“ Oh, yes! he said that he might,” replied Muriel. “ I do hope he will.”

With a kiss and a good-by, Gloria went into the house with Mrs. Mitchell and left her friend to the escort of Arnold.

Mrs. Mitchell had now regained her natural state of health and much added enthusiasm. She read her Bible and *Science and Health* every day and often joined the quartette when they read the Sunday Lesson together. She seldom referred to beautiful Prince, however, as it was still a very sore point with her.

The time soon came when Arnold bade his aunt farewell for a visit to his mother, and Gloria made preparations for her home trip. There was a secret sense of disappointment in the girl's heart because she had not seen Douglas Irving during the last few days.

“ He, no doubt, is very busy,” she told herself, as she arranged her toilet for the journey.

“ We looked up the train together, so I am sure he knows the one I am to take,” she mused. She had little time for wonderment, however, for the pretty blue clock told her that she must make haste.

“ Take good care of yourself, dear,” said Mrs. Mitchell, as she kissed her young friend many times. “ I shall miss you and Arnold dreadfully—but Mu-

riel said that she would spend some of the time with me. Are you going to walk to the station? Let me go with you and carry that suit-case."

"Oh, no, thank you! It really isn't heavy. The walk is short and I shall enjoy it. Anyhow I am of the opinion that some of the children will escort me."

And she was right. Outside the gate as many as twenty boys and girls were anxiously waiting her appearance. The suit-case was deposited on the shoulder of the biggest boy and the girls rushed for her side. They took turns holding her muff and putting their little hands into hers until they reached the station. As the train pulled in the boys ran up and down the platform shouting, "Merry Christmas!" The conductor seemed to understand the situation, for he assisted Gloria with a big smile. As the girl took her seat by the window she was for the moment an object of much attention. When the train started, there were enthusiastic shouts and a frantic waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

"How I do love them!" she thought, intensely, as she made herself comfortable. "I suppose the days will just fly now and I'll soon be back in school again."

Her supposition was true. The two weeks were

so filled with joys that the moment of parting came like a dream to her.

The parents had so enjoyed the daughter's visit that they were loath to part with her. She had many a long talk with them about her scholars, and had related many interesting incidents. She told all about Mrs. Mitchell and the accident, for she had never referred to it in her letters. Gloria easily gained her mother's consent to bring Muriel with her when she returned in July.

"I really do feel a little glad to get back to everybody," Gloria thought, as she neared the Mapleville station. "I wonder if they will be glad to see me?"

CHAPTER XIX

IN THE MUSIC ROOM

“ I SUPPOSE that we shall all read the Lesson together this morning,” thought Mrs. Mitchell, as she was getting the Sunday breakfast. “ Muriel knows, of course, that Gloria came last night, because she met her at the station, but I’m wondering if that ‘ handsome lord,’ Mr. Douglas Irving, is aware of it. I’ve not set eyes on him while Gloria was away.”

While she was busy with the preparation of hot biscuit, Gloria appeared in the doorway.

“ What a delicious odor is coming from the kitchen, Mrs. Mitchell!”

“ You’re an early bird, Gloria! I’d think you would want to sleep late after your long journey.”

“ Oh, no!” replied the girl, with a sunny smile. “ We are to have our Lesson at ten o’clock this morning, because Muriel wants to be with her father in the afternoon. I’m delighted that he is here, although she tells me that he will remain but a few days.”

“ He takes it fine about Christian Science,” re-

turned the other, as they sat down to breakfast. "But, how could he help it when Muriel is so well and happy? He was dreadfully surprised at first, as he had not seen her about the house for over seven years."

"Miss Lee will soon have him converted, without a doubt," observed Travis, as he chipped an egg.

Gloria looked up quickly, but Travis was so busily occupied that he did not raise his eyes. "I'll be on hand at ten," he called back to Gloria, as he was leaving the room.

"One hour to wait," thought the girl, as she moved into the music room.

"Why, I believe that's Mr. Irving coming," suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Mitchell, as she ran to look out of the window. "Sure as you live! You will have to open the door, Gloria, as I must hurry with my dishes."

Her words were unnecessary, however, for Gloria had already sprung forward to meet him, her face glowing with pleasure.

"Oh, I'm glad to see you again," he said as he cordially grasped her hand. His glance rested appreciatively on the graceful figure in its dainty gown of pale blue silk with its soft garnishings of lace and velvet.

"I was not sure that you would be here," she replied, flushing, a happy smile parting her lips.

From the back of the dining room Mrs. Mitchell had watched the blue-gowned figure as she opened the front door, and had seen Irving's face as he spoke: "Land's sakes!" she ejaculated, as she pulled herself out of the way. "If Muriel had ever seen that look I guess she'd think he was 'fond of her,' all right. Come here pretty early, too; I guess they want a quiet little talk by themselves." So thinking, she turned back to the kitchen to "do up" the dishes, being speedily lost in calculations as to what his mother would do when she found it all out.

"So you enjoyed your visit very much, Miss Gilman?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! Mother will be looking forward now to July."

"Oh, July is much too far away," he answered, quickly, as if he did not care to think of the prospect. "I expected to say good-by to you before you went away," he observed, as he searched her glowing face.

"I had many escorts," Gloria laughed out musically, as she related her experience to him.

"I intended to spend the last evening with you," he continued, "but error gave me quite a bad tussle."

“What was the trouble?” queried the girl, her sympathies aroused.

“I left the office early in the afternoon with a splitting headache, and by six o’clock a high fever had developed.”

“You worked over it mentally, of course?” she asked, quickly.

“Yes. I read and worked alternately until nine o’clock.”

“Your mother?” breathed the girl.

“Oh, as soon as she saw the condition I was in, she recognized it as an old claim which usually kept me in bed for several weeks. She insisted on dosing me with drugs, but when she saw that I would not yield—well, she left me alone.”

“I understand,” said Gloria, nodding. “And you?”

“Well, by that time I began to feel a little drowsy and so I prepared for bed. I did not waken until morning when I found myself in normal condition.”

Gloria lifted a pair of sweetly serious eyes to him, quoting softly: “‘And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.’”

“That was the first opportunity I had of proving Christian Science in a physical way. Those headaches have often lasted several days.”

"You may never be tempted again," was the gentle response. She was glad that he had an explanation for not seeing her before her departure at Christmas.

After the Lesson at which the five were present, Muriel played several of the hymns and all joined in singing.

"Aunt Martha, I see you don't attend the church down at the corner any more?" said her nephew, shaking his head seriously.

"Guess not," with a decided nod. "This church here"—with a gesture at the group—"is all I want."

"H'm. Strange that we have changed our minds regarding so many things," he said, tentatively, "and still there is room for growth," he added.

"It is so beautiful to know that the unfolding of Truth is inexhaustible," said Gloria, "and that we are living in eternity now."

"If Miss Lee is not anxious to return at once to her father, I would like to bring up a question which has caused me considerable concern," said Arnold, looking at Muriel.

"No. I don't have to return just yet," said the girl, with a glance at the clock. "Father has business to attend to and I shall not see him before

lunch. Were you going to continue the subject which we were discussing the other day?"

"Yes. We shall see if Miss Gilman agrees with us. Do you think that it is because there is no matter that we have no body?"

"That old troublesome question," returned Gloria. She looked away for a moment, then back at him. "Paul said: 'There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.' There is an erroneous sense of body, and there is a true sense of body. Christian Science does not teach that we have no body; it only denies the erroneous sense of body as mortal and material. Jesus had a body and when he vanished from sight he left no trace of a body behind. Christian Science denies materiality, not being. The flesh which 'profiteth nothing' is not man. Man is the spiritual and perfect likeness of God. I don't know whether I have made it any clearer to you or not, but this understanding will unfold to you as you study and grow toward the light."

"I think I see it more clearly," said Muriel, with a happy smile. "Christian Science does not deny the body of man any more than it does the beautiful and glorious things of nature, but it does destroy our false idea of them."

"Yes, that is it," said Gloria, with a responsive

smile. "Mortal man is constantly thinking of the creation, as both good and evil, forgetting that God made everything 'good.'"

"The one ambition of each of us should be for the attainment of perfection," said Douglas, who had been listening most attentively to the conversation. "'Be ye perfect' is the inescapable demand of God. Christian Science gives us an ideal and enables us to reach it; but when shall this perfect state be attained?"

Gloria turned and looked with simple frankness into the grave eyes. The strong, fine face was well contrasted against the dark green cushions of the chair. No one spoke for a moment. Then Gloria took the Bible and opening to I Corinthians, fifteenth chapter, read: "'So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.'"

"That sounds about the same as putting off the old man—overcoming sickness, sin, and discord, and putting on the new man who has all right thoughts," said Muriel, slowly.

"Yes. I think that it means the same," rejoined Gloria. "Our present material sense of existence with all the suffering it includes is the 'mor-

tal and corruptible,' and belongs to that heaven and earth which shall pass away. We shall progress and develop in spiritual understanding until we arrive at the full knowledge and manifest the perfect incorruptible man. Then shall we see all things as they are. There is no other way under heaven whereby man shall be saved, except that this mortal self be regenerated as Jesus demonstrated the way. He taught that the fleshly man is neither perfect nor spiritual, but is the counterfeit of man's real selfhood—the image of God. The great example of the master Scientist, Christ Jesus has been made plain to us through the life and teachings of Mrs. Eddy, and in following the teachings of the Bible and *Science and Health* we shall reach that heavenly state where being is forever pure, joyous, beautiful, harmonious and complete."

"Did you ever think that perhaps sickness was a good thing for some people to have?" suggested Muriel, with a pensive air.

Gloria gave a tender glance into the blue eyes, then she replied, earnestly: "The only way that sickness can be a means of ennoblement is through its being destroyed by the knowledge of Life, Truth, and Love. Physical healing is the evidence that spiritual improvement is going on. Christian

Science can fully heal no one without healing him of sin at the same time."

"I believe you," said Travis, earnestly. "Since I have begun to have an understanding of the spiritual interpretation of the Bible and to prove it in some degree, my desire to know more seems insatiable. Your advent into Mapleville, Miss Gilman, was certainly a gladsome day for us all."

Muriel thought that she had never seen her friend's face more tenderly beautiful with an inspired light, than it was this morning.

"You are just a dear," she said, impetuously, as she gave Gloria a fond squeeze. "You are so patient and good to us, and I just love to hear you talk. Now, Mr. Travis, isn't it clearer to you?"

"Indeed, it is," with a smile into the bright, winsome face. "I had thought along the same lines but I was not able to put it into words."

As Gloria glanced at Irving, she was bewildered by the expression in the deep, gray eyes. They were looking at her, and yet there was no answering response to her gaze. His face was unusually grave and a look of deep reverence was all she could detect, as she turned back to Muriel.

Aunt Martha now tip-toed to the kitchen, as she had some fears about the Sunday roast.

“ He thinks she’s an angel, that’s it,” as Irving’s serious face rose before her. “ But he’ll have some tall scratching to do to catch up to her mark, I’m thinking. And Gloria seemed perfectly innocent of that look he gave her.”

The weeks came and faded pleasantly away, until Gloria at last became conscious that it was early spring. The winter had been a most agreeable one for them all, and now Nature was putting on her beautiful green. Usually when Gloria returned from her school work Muriel met her, and together they would ramble through the woods for Mayflowers, or sit under some large, shady tree and read aloud from an interesting book or magazine. Oftentimes Gloria would invite her school children to go with them, and then it was that she brought home her arms full of wild flowers, and, much to the delight of the children, invariably returned with a flowery wreath among the chestnut tresses.

It was on one of these delightful afternoons that Gloria was returning from a trip with the children through the open country. She stopped at the brow of a hill but a short distance from the cottage, and bade the children good-by, telling them that she wanted to remain there. She had taken some writing materials with her, thinking she would write to

her mother. Seating herself by a sheltering rock, she gazed at the surrounding scene. Everything teemed with luxuriant beauty. The apple-trees just starting into bloom, wafted a delicious fragrance to the atmosphere. "All is harmony," she thought, as she looked with appreciative eye at the exquisite panorama. Soon she was deeply absorbed in her letter. She had become so completely unconscious of the passage of time, that she started at the sudden apparition of a dark shadow immediately before her.

"Why—did you drop from the clouds?" she asked, breathlessly, her face betraying her pleasure.

"Not quite," returned Douglas Irving, with a smile, as he gazed at the vision before him.

He wondered if she knew what a pretty picture she made. The coronet of Mayflowers still adorned the fluffy hair, and as his lingering gaze rested upon it, Gloria raised her hands to withdraw it.

"Please don't," he exclaimed, as she tried vainly to find the many pins that the children had used in this arrangement. "It is very becoming."

"It must be a fixity," she returned, laughing, as she found it hopeless to remove the coronet until she should rearrange her hair.

"You must be their crowned queen." He in-

wardly thought the idea an excellent one. "You are not very hospitable, Miss Gilman."

"Oh, please won't you sit down?" The brown eyes twinkled with mischief.

Irving sank upon the ground. "I almost had to treat myself against weariness, your majesty was so negligent."

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed Gloria, her laugh ringing out musically.

"What an exquisite view one gets here!" said Douglas, his eyes wandering over the valley.

The beautiful stillness grew eloquent about them. A robin lighted on a bough at close proximity and poured forth a rapturous little song. It was one of those rare days of spring that thrill the heart with love for every living thing, and quicken the pulses to respond to earth's marvelous beauty. The eastern sky was aglow with the afternoon sun, while the west with its deepening shadows and exquisite rainbow tints held the eye spellbound. The magnificent beauty and peace of the landscape so impressed both that they were content to gaze in silence.

"I love spring," said the girl at last.

"I give fall the preference—particularly during the hunting season. We have such fine opportunity for squirrels in these old woods."

He could not account for the changed look that instantly overspread the girl's face, nor was he unmindful of the pained, disappointed expression in the liquid depths of her eyes.

"Do you willfully attempt to destroy life?" The question was asked in all gentleness, though the slender eyebrows drew together.

"Why, I never thought it was wrong," replied Douglas, though his face now expressed his concern.

CHAPTER XX

INTERCHANGING CONFIDENCES

DOUGLAS IRVING was only one of many who, despite his nobility of character, spent many of the beautiful fall days in tramping through the country with gun upon shoulder, never failing to aim at any signs of life that would give satisfaction in killing.

Gloria turned her face slightly away. It smote her keenly to think that this man who seemed so kind and gentle had found pleasure in injuring and killing any of God's ideas. After a moment's pause she said, slowly:

"How can we expect to understand Truth and advance in spiritual understanding if we are blind and indifferent to the welfare of anything that God has made? If the lesser manifestations of Mind seem of little consequence to us, we should remember that God made and includes all. Certainly we should be merciful and tender in our attitude to the least of God's creation."

Every word seemed to burn into the man's

thought. He felt an unaccountable sense of uneasiness as the sweetly serious eyes met his.

"Have you never noticed a pleading look in the eyes of an animal after it has been injured?" she asked.

"It does seem a contemptible act!" exclaimed Douglas, a flush mounting his brow. Visions of the pain-stricken animals now confronted him.

"Hunters have said that with knives at the throat, or with gun leveled at the heart of a doe, they have dropped their weapons and turned their backs upon their victims, because of the plea in the doe's soft eyes. The slaughter which goes on daily seems monstrous when we think that all which manifests life is an expression of God's love. We cannot raise the world at once from its barbarism and ignorance, but each of us can endeavor to bring comfort and protection to any of our dumb friends which cross our path and need our help."

Gloria's face was sweetly tender, as she voiced these words.

She had set apart a few minutes once a week for a talk with her pupils regarding the care of the animal friends and she had already met with great success with the children. Each week they would relate circumstances in which they had brought help to an animal in distress or tell how they had re-

frained from teasing or playfully injuring their pets at home.

“Why should not this man be awakened from a wrong idea of pleasure?” thought the girl, as she looked at the stalwart figure opposite. Douglas leaning against a rock, his hat in his hand, looked boyishly handsome, while his dark hair waved in the gentle breeze. “I will give the matter more thought in the future,” he said, quietly. “I want to live consistent with the Christian Science teaching. I can see now as you explain it that it cannot be a commendable way to employ one’s time.”

The girl’s face cleared considerably. “Whatever is not right, must be wrong, you know. A French philosopher says, ‘Happiness is in the taste, and not in the things themselves.’ A transformation of tastes and habits takes place in the mind of the Christian Scientist. He loses no joy, he sacrifices no pleasure; he simply changes his concept of enjoyment. Happiness is a thing of consciousness and pleasure is won only as we follow in right and wholesome paths.”

A silence fell between them for a little while. Douglas was conscious of a shock that he had not experienced before. He had always considered well the right and wrong of a thing before he undertook it, but here was something that had never

caused him a moment's consideration. He had enjoyed the sport of a day's hunt, while his conscience had never wakened to the enormity of such a practice. He remembered, too, with quickened pulse the look of disappointment that overspread Gloria's sweet face as she learned of his predilection. He thought of the rabbit which she had so tenderly cared for and healed. "She must consider me a hypocrite!" he thought, as he watched the tender lines in the girl's face.

Gloria was the first to break the silence. She sensed some of the upheaval that was going on in her companion's thought. Wishing to change the subject, she took from her lap the book which they had drawn from the library the night before and which Douglas had said they would read together.

"Do you know, I have found this a most interesting little book?" she said, holding the volume toward him. "I read only one chapter, but it appealed strongly to me. I wonder if you would care to look over it with me now."

"Certainly," was the quick response. "You read it aloud and then we'll talk about it." His voice was steady and strong, and his face had regained its composure.

Gloria opened the book and read in her low, musical voice.

“ If we go close to the edge of a pond where the rushes are growing, and look down into the clear water, we shall see some ugly and clumsy black bugs crawling upon the bottom of the pond. They are covered with hard, horny scales, laid plate upon plate. One of these bugs sees the blue dragon fly and bright insects sporting above him, and for the first time he feels discontented with his place in the mud.

“ ‘ I will creep up the stem of this rush,’ he says to himself, ‘ and perhaps when I reach the surface of the water I can skip about like the water spiders, or better still, dart through the air like the blue-winged dragon fly.’ But as he crawls slowly and with great toil up the slippery stem, he is disheartened by the thought that he has no wings; his legs are heavy and clumsy, not light and nimble like the water spider’s. What can he do in a sphere so much above that in which he has always lived? At last, however, he has reached the surface and clinging to the green stem, feels the spring air and the sunshine all around him. Why does he appear so ill at ease now that he has freed himself from the dark mud? A very strange feeling comes over him. He is not used to the sunshine and warmth. His coat of mail has become dry in the warm air; it shrinks, it cracks; it is going to fall off! ‘ What

folly in me to crawl up here,' says the poor insect. 'The mud and water were good enough for my brothers and good enough for me, had I but known it!'

"His helmet has broken off at the top and is falling over his face. A minute later it drops beneath his chin and to his surprise he finds that his old face breaks away and a new one takes its place—and this face is larger and more beautiful than the first.

"The world which he looks upon is altogether different from anything that the dull, black bug at the bottom of the pond had ever imagined. The sky is bluer, the sunshine is brighter, the flowers are a thousand times more beautiful and graceful. Now, he lifts his new head to see more of the world, and behold! as he moves, he is drawing himself out of his old suit of armor. From two neat little cases at his side come two pairs of wings, folded up like fans until the right time for using them shall come. They must be spread open and smoothed before they are ready for flight. While he trembles with surprise, with every movement he is escaping from his old armor and drawing from their sheaths fine legs, much more beautiful than the old. And now his body, which has been packed away like a spy-glass, is drawn slowly forth, one part after another.

At last he has outgrown his dark coat of mail and there appears a beautiful dragon fly with great wonderful eyes, a slender green body and two pairs of bright gauzy wings."

The voice ceased. Douglas' face evidenced his deep thought. "That is a delightful little piece and I see that it contains wonderful lessons; I am sure that it answers certain questions which have of late come to my mind."

"I can think of no more fitting synopsis of the whole than the statement of Paul: 'Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.'"

"Yes, that is true. I have already experienced some of this awakening. I wish that you would follow the little story from the beginning and give your translation of it."

The voice was earnest and Gloria realized that his desire to know more of Truth was sincere, so glancing at the page again, she began:

"Behold the wondrous lesson of transformation! Those struggling to free themselves from accumulation of error might find these lessons from the bug's experience: As the bug emerges from darkness into light what is happening to him? As his old coat disappears a new one takes its place,

and as he draws himself out of his old suit, every equipment necessary for his growth is ready for him, until the dark coat which he has outgrown entirely disappears and his real, glorious self appears. So it must ever be. Mortals have been steeped in erroneous teachings laid 'plate upon plate,' and, as they see others enjoying the beauty and freedom of life, the incumbrance of sin, sickness and sorrow oftentimes makes them discouraged with their own lot. As they creep into the light of Christian Science many expect at once to behold the glories and reap the rich rewards of those who have toiled long and faithfully. Many, as they journey up the mountain, have burdens 'heavy and clumsy,' and, like the bug, may be tempted to turn back; but as they come out of the darkness of human beliefs and let the light of Truth shine in their hearts, they exchange sickness for health, sorrow for gladness, and death for the understanding of life eternal. Every Christian Scientist has found in his journey from sense to soul that the world becomes brighter, and every expression of God more beautiful and glorious. Oftentimes it is by our persistence—our steadfast clinging—that we attain the fulfillment of God's promises."

The voice paused for a moment. Douglas had listened attentively, drinking in every word that

fell upon his ears. As Gloria looked thoughtfully into the blue distance, he shifted himself to a more comfortable position.

“What about that fellow who thinks with the bug, that what his parents had is good enough for him?”

The girl returned the smile with a deprecatory nod.

“Why, if we all thought along that line progress and advancement would be at a standstill. We would have none of our modern inventions or improvements. Had man been satisfied with candles we would have no gas; or if he had been content with the stage-coaches no steam-cars would be in use. So it is with religion, had all been perfectly willing to continue to believe that man’s life is in his nostrils; that soul is in the body; that man may be subject to eternal damnation; that God causes or permits the sorrow, suffering and death around us, leaving man incapable of escaping these conditions—why——”

“The sick would not be healed to-day nor the sinner reformed,” concluded Douglas, quietly.

“But there was one who refused to believe in all these inconsistencies,” breathed the girl, and her eyes brightened. “As we hear the call ‘Awake, thou that sleepest!’ we marvel that the world has

been asleep so many centuries without knowing that the existence of sin and sickness is but a dream."

An idea suddenly came to the girl. Handing him the book, she said, earnestly, "Now let me hear you explain the rest of the lessons from the story," putting her finger on the line to show him where to begin.

"But you can explain it so much better," he protested, though inwardly he felt pleased at the suggestion. The girl insisted, and after a few moments he continued:

"The helmet and dark scales seemed a part of the bug only as he remained in darkness, or ignorance. So I believe we are bound by error of sickness, sin and discord, not because they cannot be removed, but because we have been ignorant as to the way of escape. Sickness is no more a part of man than mud was a part of the bug, or the dirt on a child's face is part of the child; but we continue to believe that it has a hold upon us until we emerge into the true understanding of God and the real spiritual man. Defects of character and disposition, all weights of envy, jealousy, hatred, passion, fear, etc., are like the 'scales' and must be overcome or gotten rid of through the knowledge that they are unnatural, abnormal and do not come from God nor belong to God's man.

It is the human belief, or mentality that needs to be redeemed—not the body. Is that right, Miss Gilman?"

He could not see her face as one small hand partly covered it, but a quick, affirmative nod of the pretty, crowned head answered him. Without speaking she waited for him to continue.

"As the bug at length emerged to its full attainment of freedom and proved how transient had been its former position, so, as we follow the teachings of Jesus as explained in Christian Science the birth of the Christ Truth takes place in our consciousness, unfolding to our spiritual sight the monstrosity of sin and sickness and the fixity of divine Principle. Our minds and bodies are cleaned from sickness and all abnormal conditions, and we attain the 'fullness of Christ,' and behold the perfect Father and His perfect child."

Douglas wondered why his listener still kept her face hidden from him. While his gaze rested upon her, she suddenly withdrew her hand and turned toward him. He was unprepared for the picture that greeted him.

Her whole face radiated the unexpected pleasure that was thrilling her heart. She had believed that he was giving faithful study to the Bible and Mrs. Eddy's writings, but she was more than sur-

prised at the spiritual understanding he evidenced, and underlying it all, she was conscious that to-day there was a love, a joyous enthusiasm for Truth, that he had not previously shown.

“How much you have grown and how glad I am!” she cried, in girlish pleasure.

“Somehow Christian Science has never meant as much to me as it does to-day. I feel a great desire to have more proof of it in my own life; and have a passionate desire to help others out of their wrong beliefs.”

For answer the girl smiled confidently. She could not explain to herself why his words brought her such a thrill of joy. “Science is a priceless boon,” she said, softly, “and we must live it and love it; then it is easy to heal others.”

“In reading an account of the healing of the man born blind, and also of the raising of Lazarus, I can see how Jesus thought only of the opportunity afforded him to prove the allness of God,” said Douglas.

“That is a helpful thought,” responded Gloria. “When we are called upon to help others if we can sufficiently, forget ourselves to realize that ‘Thine is the power and the glory,’ and to be thankful for every opportunity that is afforded us to prove the presence and power of divine Love, the healing will

be easy and inevitable. Jesus said, 'Preach the gospel, heal the sick' and 'whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple.' Indeed, we cannot justly claim to be disciples of Jesus the Christ, unless we are fitting ourselves to heal the sick and the sinful."

"I am only beginning to see the infinite possibilities of man in Christian Science," remarked Douglas. Taking up the small book again, he glanced over the pages. "Here is a sentence which seems rather puzzling, but, perhaps it has no special significance in Science. He read aloud these words: 'Why does he appear ill at ease now that he has freed himself from the dark mud'?"

Gloria smiled. "Yes. I think it has a significance, even in Science. There are those who come into Christian Science only for the physical healing. They may be benefited greatly by the treatment, but the practitioner may uncover some form of sin to the patient and explain to him how necessary it is, if we wish to be healed by divine Love, that we give up our wrong thinking and acting. Each one of us knows what part of our *all* is being withheld. Some see the work that is required of them but are not willing to follow—not willing to part with the 'old man.' We might even hear them say, 'Art thou come hither to torment us before the time?'"

“Yes. I see your meaning. It brings to my mind the verse of Psalms ‘Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart!’ I can see that it is only by purifying ourselves that we can ever reach the heights of holiness.”

These words, falling from the lips of Douglas Irving, brought a feeling of great warmth to the girl, and she turned toward him with a soft radiance in her face, and a certain eloquence in the depths of the dark eyes.

“I think I must start for home,” she said, after a moment’s pause. “What glowing colors there are in the western sky!”

Gloria placed her hand in Irving’s as he offered her assistance in arising. For a moment—it seemed to him only an instant—she allowed it to remain. Then she gently withdrew it. Had she noticed the lighted expression that swept over the face of her companion Gloria might not have continued the conversation with such girlish serenity.

“I must walk back this way,” she was saying, pointing to a shaded path. “I could not meet strangers in such unusual decoration.” Her hands sought the flowered wreath.

“I don’t think they would mind.” They walked

slowly toward the cottage, chatting happily together.

“ I think I shall leave you here,” said Douglas, as they came to a break in the path. “ If I follow this branch road it will bring me near my home; and you have only a few more steps.”

“ Oh, yes, I shall be there in a minute now. I think I can see Muriel and Mr. Travis on the lawn,” as she looked intently toward the house.

“ I have been spending a few minutes each afternoon in the Sound,” remarked Douglas. “ You would be surprised at the warmth of the water for bathing. It must be because of these warm, sunny days. Well, *au revoir*.”

He stood meditatively watching the movements of the lithe, quick figure that paused at the bend of the lane and waved a hand in parting salute. Even after the beautiful silhouette had disappeared, motionless he gazed down the trail, as one who has listened to beautiful music and is loath to break the spell.

CHAPTER XXI

FROM OUT THE DEPTHS

"OH, you runaway!" exclaimed Muriel, as she wound her arms about her friend. "I saw the children come down from the hill and I supposed that I'd find you here when I came over. I was so disappointed!"

Gloria secretly thought the face looked radiantly happy.

"Mr. Travis has been telling me about the children in school," went on Muriel, in the tone of one who is in possession of a secret and longs to have the pleasure of sharing it with someone.

Gloria looked from the sweet, winsome face to that of Mr. Travis; but he was very intent upon examining some leaves which he held in his hand.

"He is using Science now in his classroom," continued Muriel, in a low voice.

"I'm very glad," was Gloria's warm response.

"See here, Miss Lee," said Travis, with a mock tone of injury, "Miss Gilman has such wonderful results in her own room, she will now be expect-

ing most rapid changes in mine. My attempts to prove the dominion of Truth and Love are very meager indeed, and I beg of you not to give her further grounds for great expectations."

Muriel's laugh rang out merrily. "He is only teasing, I know," she said, as Gloria took her arm and playfully pulled her toward the house.

"I must dress for dinner," announced Gloria. The girls tripped away, leaving Arnold in possession of the piazza.

Muriel remained to supper, but returned home in the early evening. Gloria accompanied Arnold and Muriel as far as the Public Library.

"By the way, Miss Gilman, I want to ask your opinion about a certain book," said Travis. "It is supposed to contain some thoughts upon Christian Science," he continued, telling her the title and the name of the author. "Something in mother's letter, I received to-day, made me wonder just how the Scientists regard these books. What do you think?"

"Well, if you wish it, I will give you my own personal opinion," declared the girl; "but Scientists differ regarding the advisability of circulating such books. Jesus gave us an infallible test by which we may recognize the good and true. He said, 'Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.' I

have based my opinion entirely upon the effect that the book has had upon the individual reader. Certainly every good thing is for someone. If the book has a good moral, breathes purity throughout, and in general tends to uplift and elevate the thought of the reader, it surely cannot be bad, nor can it be wrong to read it. I know well the book that you mention, for I have read it myself and received much benefit from it. If a thing is good it can only produce good. The literature of the world must be purified and what can leaven it more than introducing into it the writings of those who have gained some understanding of Christian Science? Boys and girls—both small and large—if they have a desire for reading should be allowed a selection of good, pure, profitable material. I know of no one better fitted to produce beautiful, clean, and wholesome books than one who understands Christian Science. Of course one needs to be careful that the book is correct in its statements of Science before he passes it on to another. I never knew of anyone giving up Science through reading these books; on the contrary I have known of many instances where the reader was led to investigate further, and later became a Christian Scientist.”

“ Well, I’m glad to hear your opinion, Gloria, for I do love some of these dear books. Of course

one should not think of neglecting the reading of *Science and Health* for a work of fiction. We know that the whole, unadulterated truth is to be found in Mrs. Eddy's works; but I read the other books just as I would a good magazine."

Gloria gave Muriel a reassuring smile and left the two to wander where they would.

Having exchanged her volume, Gloria started for home. The evening was so beautiful that she decided she would return through the village. As she reached the central part of the town she saw that a crowd had collected in the middle of the street. Her first thought was to turn and go back, but something seemed to urge her forward.

As she neared the scene of attraction she at once saw the trouble. A horse lay directly across the trolley tracks blocking all traffic. Men were pulling, slapping, and in every way trying to move the prostrate animal, but he would not budge. His head lay flat on the ground and, except for feeble groans, one would think him entirely lifeless. Even as Gloria looked, a man took a big sharp-pointed stick from a youngster and attempted to goad the horse into action—but all in vain.

By this time a policeman had arrived. He immediately dispatched a man for the veterinary surgeon, saying that the horse must be shot.

Gloria waited to hear no more. With throbbing pulses she swiftly turned and retraced her steps. At one time she would have bitterly resented the cruelty of the excited men, now all her thoughts were centered upon the sick animal. After she had passed out of sight of the crowd she stood still and worked mentally. Her thought went out in great compassion for the ill-treated animal and she put all her energy into her affirmations of truth. Silently she declared that all life is an emanation of God, and any expression of this could not be sick nor helpless. "Life is ever-acting, ever-harmonious and no manifestation of Life can suffer a stoppage of harmonious action. Strength and life are in God and not in matter, therefore the horse reflects and manifests the strength of Mind."

As she walked on, her face cleared and her eyes lighted with hope. "Yes, yes," she told herself, "as far as I am concerned the horse is perfect and manifests health and activity." Feeling a sense of relief come over her, she turned her thought to other matters.

Upon reaching home she spent the evening with her books and in chatting with Mrs. Mitchell. Gloria would have chided herself had she remembered the next day that never a thought of the horse had oc-

curred to her since she had dismissed the subject so positively the night before. However, she was to hear more about it, for that afternoon as she reached home, Muriel was on the piazza to greet her.

“Oh, Gloria!” exclaimed the girl, waving a newspaper in the air. “Here’s the most wonderful thing in to-day’s *Herald*. I verily believe there is another Christian Scientist around here whom we do not know.”

“Most likely there are many of them,” rejoined Gloria, as she came leisurely up the steps. “But why this excitement?”

“Do sit down until I read it to you, but you don’t look so terribly interested,” with a pretty pout.

“I am all attention, I assure you.”

“Well, it’s about a sick horse that was on Main Street last night.”

If Muriel had any reasons to doubt the interest of her friend she certainly changed her opinion. Gloria’s face flushed a vivid scarlet, while her eyes looked away. “Oh, to think I forgot!” and she deeply censured herself, wondering what had happened to the horse.

“Why, Gloria!” cried Muriel. “What do you know about it?”

“Never mind now—read it to me, quick.”

Muriel glanced from the excited face to the

newspaper in her hand, and in a sweet, clear voice, read aloud:

“ A Little Miracle

“ Last evening traffic was held up for thirty minutes because of a horse which collapsed directly on the trolley track at the junction of Third Avenue and Second Street. The animal evidently fell because of paralysis or old age. The pricking, tugging, beating, and pulling of many spectators did not in the least disconcert the animal, as he lay apparently perfectly lifeless. Presently groans of pain gave some evidence of the agony he was enduring.

“ The crowd collected so rapidly that several policemen hurried to the spot. A veterinary was brought to the scene and at once he pronounced the case hopeless. The policeman gave orders that the horse be shot, whereupon the surgeon put the pistol to the temple of the dying animal. But, nay, nay—Mr. Policeman. Just as the trigger was about to be pulled and the excited crowd waited in breathless suspense, the animal suddenly sprang to his feet. He gave a glance at the pistol-man as much as to say, ‘ No, you don’t,’ and majestically went his way down the street, much to the surprised delight of his owner. The crowds cheered and were as

pleased to see the animal walking as they would have been to have seen him shot. The veterinary, however, shook his head and was determined to make an examination of the horse. He found the animal in a perfectly normal condition and shook his head again in silent astonishment as he walked toward his waiting automobile. A few of the spectators think that a sleight-of-hand performance took place, while others contend that a hypnotist gave vent to his supernatural powers. However, in the minds of many it was a neat little miracle."

Gloria's eyes were now radiant and moist with intense feeling. Something in her manner made Muriel drop the paper and throw her arms around the trembling form. "Oh, Gloria! it was you," she cried.

Gloria then told all the circumstances connected with the healing. "Oh, I'm so glad!" she said, deeply moved.

"I should just like to tell that editor that it was Christian Science and not hypnotism that healed that horse," cried Muriel, in deep earnestness.

"No, no, dear, don't speak of it to anyone," protested Gloria.

But Muriel did tell Mrs. Mitchell and Travis before the day was over and the next day when the

opportunity presented itself, she disclosed the matter to Douglas Irving.

“Do you realize that it is the end of May?” asked Mrs. Mitchell one afternoon, as Gloria returned from school. “I cannot bear to think of losing you and Arnold.”

Somehow, Gloria did not like the prospect of leaving Mapleville either. “Yes, July will soon be upon us,” she said, with a soft sigh.

“Just the thought of leaving the children brings a lump into my throat. They have grown so dear to me.” She paused a moment and her eyes looked off. “Well, I guess I’ll go and enjoy the piazza,” she continued, with a change of mood. “Perhaps Muriel will be over.”

As she left the room Mrs. Mitchell looked after the retreating form. “Maybe she does hate to leave those young ones, and I don’t blame her, either, for they just worship her. I wonder if there’s anyone else she hates to leave? I guess I’ll let her be alone out there, as long as she didn’t invite me out,” she mused, as she saw Gloria seat herself in one of the deep wicker chairs. “Sometimes girls like to be alone,” endeavoring to remember that special period of her life. She soon went softly out of the door and across the street to a neighbor’s.

Gloria presently left the wicker chair and made herself comfortable in the inviting hammock. "I have many things to think over," she told herself, and she speedily became lost in thought.

Three men had stopped in front of the house and were talking with a group of boys. Gloria was glad that the vines protected her from view.

"Yes. He's dying now—may be dead by this time. Too bad! too bad! Do you know just how it happened?"

"Yes, mister, he was a swimmin' around in the Sound and a lady way out in the water yelled to him to save her. He was a fine swimmer, so he hurried up to her. There was a man in a boat, too, that heard the screams and he rowed as fast as he could to 'em. The feller in the water got the girl by the hair and pushed her toward the boat—then he went down. They got the girl in the boat, yes, sir—but the feller, he never came up."

"But why didn't they get help and save him?" was the excited exclamation.

"Dunno, mister. They got him up after a long wait but he was most gone. Lots of men are workin' on him now in the hospital."

Gloria could not help hearing every word, and she shook her fair head many times during the re-

cital. "Just to think that a man may die because he does a good deed," thought the girl. "What a false belief! A good act never killed anyone. It is only because people generally sanction such an unjust law and believe in it that it seems to be true, but through Christian Science we can reverse it and prove it a lie."

"Well, you know, Simons," said one of the men, "'He that loseth his life shall find it.' It's beautiful to think that he gave his life to save another."

The delicate brows came together and Gloria sat upright. "Oh, how can that man believe in such an inconsistent absurdity!" she thought. "How wrong is his conception of that verse! I wish I might tell him that he who loses this false sense of life in matter finds that man's life is in God, indestructible and eternal, and that it is a wrong and false belief that anyone need lose his life in order to save another."

Just then a man hurried across the street to the group near Mrs. Mitchell's house.

"I say, Simons, who is it that's dying in the hospital?"

"Why, the young lawyer, Douglas Irving."

Gloria heard no more. For a moment it seemed that her heart had stopped beating, while white and

trembling, she continued to look straight in front of her. No thought came to her, she seemed powerless to move. Suddenly the words of Irving came swiftly, overwhelmingly over her, "I can see how Jesus thought only of the opportunity afforded him to prove the allness of God." "Yes," she breathed, "an opportunity to prove the allness of God." With quick decision she grasped something in her hand and went hatless into the street. She never knew how she reached the hospital; she was conscious of walking and passing people, but she knew nothing more until she reached the steps of the entrance.

The words of Irving seemed ringing again and again in her ears, "an opportunity to prove the allness of God." A large, tall man stood directly in front of her and Gloria knew by the small, black bag that he was a physician. He hastened up the steps and opened the door. Gloria followed, though he paid no attention to her. Thinking that the young lady was with the great physician, the nurse hurried them into the death chamber. The doctor passed swiftly toward the bed, while Gloria remained in the open door.

There were two other doctors in the room and a nurse, but they stepped to one side as the specialist made a rapid examination of the body. Gloria

closed her eyes, while the stillness of death reigned in the room.

“No use—absolutely no use—too long in the water. Can’t last but a short time.”

By this time Gloria had gained her sense of composure and every word that fell upon her ears, instead of terrifying her, seemed to give her conscious strength.

“I can do nothing, and I have another very dangerous case waiting for me.” With a hasty bow the man started for the door.

Gloria stepped toward him. Her face was white and her lips quivering, but all the noted man saw was the pair of great, dark pleading eyes.

She leaned forward and touched his arm. “May I, please, go to him and pray for him?”

The man paused in his haste, seemingly touched by the pathos in the girl’s attitude.

“Yes, girly, yes, pray for him; but nothing can save him now.”

“But the other doctors—I wish to be alone.”

“The doctors will leave you,” he said, with a hasty glance in their direction. “They have done all they could. God bless you, girly.” And he was gone.

As Gloria stepped into the room the two doctors passed out.

“His sister, I suppose. It seems his mother is out of town; no one can find her. Well, she can’t hurt him, anyway,” and they closed the door gently behind them. The nurse who sat at the bedside rose, but Gloria put out her hand, “Please remain,” she said, as she advanced to the other side of the operating table, and softly drew up a chair.

One look at the white face with the moist brown hair clinging to the marble forehead seemed, for a moment, to overcome the girl. After that one glance, she turned her eyes away and stood resolutely still for some seconds. During that time she made the greatest demonstration of her life, she turned her thought away from personality to spirit—from matter to infinite Mind.

Strangely quiet, she seated herself and closed her eyes. The nurse wonderingly looked on.

“I never saw anyone pray that way before,” she thought to herself. “She never even shed a tear.”

After a time Gloria opened her eyes and commenced to read from the little book she held firmly in her hands. With a steady calm voice, one that seemed to the listener to be filled with extraordinary strength, she read aloud:

“‘The body committed no offense. Mortal Man, in obedience to higher law, helped his fellow-man, an act which should result in good to himself

as well as to others. . . . Good deeds are immortal, bringing joy instead of grief, pleasure instead of pain, and life instead of death.' " * Turning the leaves, she continued, " ' Now, what greater justification can any deed have than that it is for the good of one's neighbor? Wherefore, then, in the name of outraged justice, do you sentence Mortal Man for ministering to the wants of his fellow-man in obedience to divine law? You cannot trample upon the decree of the Supreme Bench. Mortal Man has his appeal to Spirit, God, who sentences only for sin.' " †

Every word fell from the lips of the girl as if it were alive. Looking directly at the quiet body, she declared emphatically, " Any material evidence of death is false, for it contradicts the spiritual facts of being." Then she closed her eyes and all was quiet again.

" If ever I saw an angel," said the nurse, afterwards, " I saw one in that chamber. Her face seemed lightened with a divine halo and her wide-open eyes seemed to see far beyond the mortal vision."

For a long time it seemed to the nurse the gentle figure remained quiet except for an occasional affirmative nod of the head or a negative shake.

* " Science and Health," p. 435.

† *Ibid.*, p. 440.

The nurse glanced toward the patient. He appeared exactly the same as when the physician had said she could last but a few minutes. She knew, however, that he was still alive. The words of the faithful worker attracted her attention.

The confident, calm, inspired face looked toward the patient.

“In the sight of God, the one Father Mother, this man has done no wrong. Sin, and sin only can be punished. Good—truth—life are immortal. God cannot die and you are His image, hence you are one with God; and your life can no more depart than can God be extinguished. Matter is not man, and man’s life does not depend upon his body, nor is it at the mercy of matter. ‘*This* is life eternal,’ ‘Lo, I am with you always’—in all ways—all times. God, Life, is omnipresent—all presence; omnipotent—all power; and so man, His manifestation—His expression—cannot be deprived one instant from this ever-living Life. Man is because God is—man cannot die because God cannot die. There is no stoppage to harmonious life—harmonious action—harmonious being, and in the name of divine Truth I declare it unto you. ‘And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.’ ‘It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth

nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.' ”

The clear, ringing tones ceased and the nurse saw the hopeful, expectant look that flooded the girl's face, as she gazed at the white face upon the table.

Slowly, very slowly, the white lids trembled. The nurse was quick to realize the change, but she sat spellbound, thinking she detected a gentle movement as if he were breathing, but she remained perfectly still.

The girl continued to declare the truth firmly, positively.

Again the lids trembled, then they opened. “God is your life and there is nothing to fear,” said the girl, softly, reassuringly.

“It was a chance—to prove—the allness of God,” Irving whispered, in detached breaths.

“Yes, a glorious opportunity,” Gloria echoed, “and divine Love has protected us all in His everlasting arms.” She realized that these words must have been the last that he thought, as he saved the drowning girl. “That was his guiding thought—and it saved him.”

He closed his eyes again, while Gloria read aloud from *Science and Health*. The color slowly returned to his lips, while he breathed easily. Turn-

ing to the nurse who sat motionless, Gloria whispered for her to bring some warm milk, but to mention nothing down stairs. "You understand?"

"Perfectly."

In a few minutes the woman returned with the requested drink.

"Please give it to him, nurse."

The nurse now felt that she could act—and tenderly she lifted the head and fed the milk to him.

"I wish that you would remain with me," said Gloria, softly, and the woman returned to her chair. She obeyed as one in a dream. Were it not for the gentle breathing which her senses told her was going on in the weak form, and the glorified countenance of the youthful face opposite, she might, indeed, doubt the whole occurrence. Wonderingly she rehearsed to herself the prayer which she had heard from the lips of the girl and the words which she had heard from the little black book. Suddenly it flashed to her: "Why, it is Christian Science!" Her knowledge on this subject was slight, but this was a proof which nothing in the universe could erase from her memory. Meanwhile, Gloria was reading softly to the patient, now and then pausing a moment as if to emphasize the truth of a particular statement. Although the nurse was listening attentively, her keen eyes soon

noted that the patient was breathing regularly. He was asleep.

But the sentinel at the table continued for some time with the reading, a beautiful wave of peace flooding her face. At last she rose noiselessly, and approached the nurse.

“I am going now—you will care for him when he wakes? *He is all right.*”

For answer the nurse clasped the hand nearest her and pressed her lips upon it. Her eyes suffused with tears. “God bless you—bless you for your noble work,” she whispered. Gloria responded with a warm pressure and glided, noiselessly, from the room.

She was glad that she met no one as she passed down the stairs and out into the street. Reaching the house she walked to the side entrance and went quietly up stairs to her own room.

“I can see no one now,” she thought, “I must be alone. God is good—so good,” she declared, passionately—“and henceforth I must do His work only.”

CHAPTER XXII

A SWEET CONFESSION

Mrs. MITCHELL soon learned the cause of the commotion in the street and hurried home to Gloria. "What will she do?" she thought, with abated breath. "If I had only heard of it sooner!" Running up the steps, she hastened to the piazza where she had left Gloria in the wicker chair—but no one was to be seen.

She stood irresolute, wondering just what to do.

"Are you looking for Miss Gilman?" piped a voice, so close at hand that it caused the woman to turn with a startled jump.

Mrs. Mitchell looked at the boy, but did not reply.

"Miss Gilman went out a while ago and walked swiftly down the street. She didn't even speak to me," with a wistfulness that did not escape the woman's notice.

"H'm. Didn't see you, I suppose. Do you know where she went?"

The lad looked a little awkward. He wanted

to satisfy the anxious woman, but he feared lest she might think he had watched his teacher's movements.

"I think she went to the hospital," he said, after a moment's pause.

He was unprepared for the happy, yet amazed expression which overspread the woman's face. "Thank you—it's all right." Then she hastily disappeared.

"God is all—*is all*," she repeated to herself, as if she wanted to convince herself that He really could be all upon this particular occasion. She was conscious of an increased fondness for the girl who had so bravely demonstrated over the accident from which she had suffered in connection with beautiful Prince.

"Oh! how I wish that I might help her now," she thought. Going to her room, she worked for harmony in her own mind as she read over the Lesson sermon for the week. She sat for a long time thinking. Suddenly she saw a white-clad figure walk swiftly across the lawn toward the house.

Her first thought was to run to meet her. "No, if she wants to tell me, she will seek me," she decided, but Gloria passed quickly to her own room and closed the door.

Mrs. Mitchell's heart was thumping with suspense, but she knew she must wait. Noiselessly she moved down the stairs and prepared the supper. Arnold came in and hurried to his aunt for information regarding Irving. She related what she knew, adding that Gloria was still in her room and that she had not spoken to her.

They ate alone. Gloria did not appear, and, as the evening wore along, Mrs. Mitchell, feeling a little anxious for the girl, tip-toed to her room and rapped softly upon the door. Receiving no answer, she noiselessly turned the knob and pushed open the door.

No wonder Gloria had not come down stairs! There she lay upon the couch and her gentle breathing indicated that she was asleep. The little book which she had been reading was still in her hand. The eyes of the watcher filled with ready tears. "Dear child," she thought, as she watched the peaceful face. "She has toiled hard. No doubt it was a strain on her. But, I believe that all is well; her face tells it." While she stood gazing lovingly at the sleeping figure the brown eyes suddenly opened.

"Oh!" she breathed, softly. "I must have fallen asleep. Did you come for me?"

Mrs. Mitchell soon learned some of the circumstances, and her delight could hardly be restrained as

she heard this latest demonstration of the wonderful power of Truth. "Supposing you hadn't been on that piazza and overheard the conversation!" she exclaimed.

"Oh! but it all came about through divine guidance," responded the girl. "'He that is our God is the God of Salvation.'"

Gloria was not wholly unprepared the following evening to see the form of Douglas Irving approach the vine-covered piazza. The greeting was a silent one, for each was full of thoughts which beggared words. Nothing but a trifle of pallor told of yesterday's experience, as the manly form grasped the outstretched hand. He held it for a moment and Gloria was deeply touched by the great reverence in his manner.

"Who is so great a God as our God? Miss Gilman what can I say to you? How can I thank you? Only for you——"

"Please don't," she said, softly, as she gently released her hand and beckoned him to a chair. "I did only what God would have me do."

"Words are too inadequate for thanks to another for the saving of one's life; but if a life redeemed can be any measure of thanks to you—then I shall feel that I have not tried in vain. I shall henceforth strive to live nearer the great Truth that

Christian Science teaches, and manifest more of the divine character."

Gloria was deeply moved as she listened to the strong, earnest voice and sensed some of the emotion that he was striving to control.

"You, too, saved another," she said, after a moment, "and your noble deed was rewarded."

For a long while they talked about the great possibilities of man guided by Christian Science. The evening was an exquisite one and at times they watched in silence the great golden disk rising behind the distant tree tops.

"We shall have many of these glorious nights now, for summer is surely with us," Gloria remarked, with a soft sigh.

"Yes, I shall be glad to welcome the perfect days of June." Gloria did not respond to the warmth of feeling in Douglas' tone. "Only a little month longer," she was telling herself.

While she sat pensively, Douglas' glance rested on her graceful white-clad figure. The nut-brown head had a knot of blue nestling in its wavy folds, which was particularly becoming to the delicate, girlish face.

As Gloria looked up, she met the gaze of the earnest, grave eyes and something in their depths made the white lids droop quickly.

"Miss Gilman, have you thought about my mother?"

The question was gently put and caused the slightly flushed face to turn instantly. As she looked up at Douglas and met his usual quiet expression, she at once recovered her composure.

"Yes, I thought of her. I meant to have asked you. She was away—at the time?"

"Yes. She returned in response to the telegram which Uncle George sent to her. And by the way, uncle has become one of us."

"What do you mean?"

"He is studying Science—and is a firm believer already."

"Oh, how good!" murmured Gloria.

"Yes, when he learned that mother was so antagonistic to what I deemed worthy of so much of my time and attention he secured a copy of the little book from the library and commenced reading it. He grasped the spiritual import of it at once, and we have had many beautiful talks."

For a moment Gloria looked away, mutely giving thanks that another was journeying toward the Father's kingdom.

"And your mother?"

"Mother was completely broken up. Uncle George told her all about my experience in the

water and how you had come to me after the doctors said I could not recover. He told her all before he let her see me. Her heart was torn between her love for me and the bitter feeling she had harbored toward Christian Science—and some of its exponents. She made me go over every detail,” continued Douglas, “and I think she is a changed woman. She wants me to bring you to her. She would rather see you in her home than to come here.”

Gloria nodded, while her face spoke the pleased gratitude that was throbbing her being.

“She is going to read *Science and Health*.”

“And she will be indeed blessed,” cried the girl, with deep assurance. “Each one of us is divinely led and directed to this great truth of being. It takes some longer to feel this need than it does others, but God ‘will have all men to be saved, and to come into the knowledge of the Truth.’”

A moment’s silence fell between them.

“It is hard, Miss Gilman, for some to give up their old ways of thinking.”

“Yes,” agreed the girl. “Oftentimes we would fain shun passing under the rod of His correction; but no gem can grace its proper setting without being polished. It often takes more than a single stroke to remove the rough surface of error, but

we reap the reward a thousand-fold. For every seemingly painful experience that has brought me nearer the great Heart of Love—that has taught me greater love, greater kindness, greater charity, greater humility, I am deeply, truly grateful,” she said, with passionate fervency.

The radiant face thrilled with divine hope. “I want to be a practitioner,” she continued, softly.

“And I see nothing to hinder you,” Douglas responded, gazing with reverent admiration at the star-lit face. “You have already been the channel for wonderful proofs of the efficacy of the living, healing Christ. Only for you——”

“Don’t,” protested the girl. “You know it was Truth, not I.”

“I know that you so demonstrated over fear and doubt that you followed divine Love’s prompting and came to me in my hour of greatest need,” he said, as he took her hand in leaving. “I know that you have so lived and loved the Truth that you were a pure channel through which the healing Truth was voiced, and it is because of your wonderful purity, your abiding trust in God, and your sublime courage that I stand here to-night.”

Douglas shook with emotion as he stooped and reverently pressed his lips to the hand that lay trembling in his own.

Gloria and Muriel spent the next afternoon together. "We won't have many more of these lovely days," said Muriel, regretfully, as she threw her arm around her friend and gently led her up the long winding stairs and into her own little sitting room.

"But you know that you are going to spend a few weeks with me in August?"

"Yes, I know, honey; but August seems so far off, and June the thirtieth seems so close at hand," was the smiling, parting response, as she gave Gloria a warm kiss before seating her in the large, soft chair.

"Oh, I have had such a happy time in Maple-ville," said Gloria, softly, as she looked at Muriel and then out of the window to the large, brick school house.

"Of course Love sent you," responded Muriel, as if no shadow of doubt had ever crossed her mind since the day her eyes had first rested upon the bright face. "I tell you what, Gloria, dear, you had a mission here—that you did. You brought me the Truth and explained it so clearly that, of course, I wanted to read the book at once. Every day I am so grateful to God that I am living and in perfect health. Last year at this time I was full of pain and worry—not knowing what God was, afraid

to die and afraid to live; but now all is different. I have such great happiness and all because of Christian Science."

Gloria's smile and look were eloquent of her appreciation of Muriel's words.

"Then there is no happier woman than Mrs. Mitchell," went on Muriel. "I never go over there that I do not hear her happy voice humming some strain. She just radiates love, and between you and me, she is planting the seed in many of the hearts of her friends and neighbors. I'm sure when you return in the fall we shall have quite a large attendance at our services."

Gloria made no response.

"Then there's Mr. Travis. He told me that you were a great help to him." Gloria noticed the slight warmth of color that had crept into the fair face as she mentioned his name. "He is using Science right along in his school room and with such gratifying results. His mother writes him beautiful letters. I think she must be very lovely."

"I am sure she is," agreed Gloria, looking at the small face which still retained its pretty coloring.

"Of course what you have done for Douglas Irving cannot be put into words. What a brave

girl you were!" patting her hand softly. "I am so proud of our dear practitioner!"

"We must always do the work which God sends to us to do, Muriel. There can be no failure in God's government."

The two sat together for a few moments in silence.

"Everyone speaks so highly of Mr. Irving, you know. I think that he has already made a name for himself in the law practice. It must be very nice to be a distinguished lawyer, don't you think so, honey," went on the merry voice.

Gloria was arranging a bit of lace on one of the dainty ruffles of her dress. "I think it would be nicer to be a competent practitioner," was the quiet reply.

"Of course," agreed the girl enthusiastically. "Mr. Irving a practitioner! Why, I had never thought of that. He has such a beautiful understanding of Truth already. What made you think of that, Gloria?"

Gloria had by this time arranged the lacey ruffle, and now her gaze lifted and rested upon Muriel's desk which lay open. She was thinking just what reply to make when she noticed a beautiful framed engraving — a reproduction of the raising of

Jarius's daughter, underneath which was the word "Arise."

"Oh, Muriel," she breathed. "How exquisite! Do let me look at it, closely!"

She was so absorbed in examining the fine copy that she did not notice the heightened color of her companion.

"Where did you get it?" she inquired, eagerly, without looking up.

"Arnold—I mean Mr. Travis—gave it to me."

Gloria looked up quickly to find an unaccustomed crimson in Muriel's face. She had never heard her friend call Mr. Travis by his given name before and she gazed at her in wonderment until the white lids drooped.

"Muriel, what is it?"

For answer the girl threw herself into Gloria's arms. "We did not intend to let you know yet," was the muffled reply.

"Let me know?" repeated Gloria, as if she did not comprehend, though in reality she was quite convinced as to the reason for this strange behavior.

"Yes. Arnold and I are engaged to be married"—the voice still more muffled.

If Muriel wondered how her friend would feel she had not long to wait, for Gloria lifted the ruffled

head and gazed lovingly into the face which had now grown pink, even to the tips of her ears.

Gloria took the delicate face between her hands and kissed it fondly. "A thousand blessings, dear," she said, with soft earnestness.

"You certainly have my unqualified sanction, and I am sure that you will be very happy."

Muriel's blushes and dimples were exquisitely eloquent of her own assurance upon that point.

When Gloria reached home that afternoon, Mrs. Mitchell was standing in the door to meet her. The girl could see that something of unusual interest had occurred.

CHAPTER XXIII

MOMENTOUS RESULTS

AND she was not mistaken, for the woman truly had undergone a lively experience that afternoon. Gloria had not long to wait for the revelation.

"Who do you think called this afternoon?"

"Someone of interest, I can see. Do tell me."

"Mr. Williams, the minister."

"I presume you had quite an agreeable *tête-à-tête*," said Gloria, with an amused smile.

"I just wish that you had been here!" returned the woman, with alacrity, "for I had quite a time with him."

"Tell me all about it." The two seated themselves in comfortable chairs on the piazza.

"He has no use for Christian Science, child, though he may think differently since our talk," with a reminiscent expression.

"He informed me that Christian Science was the work of the devil, and the sooner I found it out the better. I related the experience with my broken

limb, and said if the devil worked that cure he must be a pretty good kind of a fellow."

Gloria smiled at the woman's ardent enthusiasm.

"I am sure that he was under the impression that, with a little of his talk, he could bring me back into his fold again. But I reckon he received quite a shock. It seems the words just came to me what to say to answer his arguments. He remarked about Mrs. Eddy daring to add to the Bible, but I told him that she had not added anything to that Book, but she had merely uncovered the precious truths in it which have never been clearly discerned before. Then he made fun of the idea that we deny the testimony of the senses. When I asked him if he could *see* God, or if he could *see* the earth move, or *see* that man exists after he has been put into the grave—he really seemed quite perturbed."

"I can imagine it," laughed the girl. "I know how they squirm when pinned down. What else did he suggest as wrong in Christian Science?"

"He bitterly condemned our methods of treating, but I told him if the kind gentlemen in the pulpits did not like the Christian Science methods, it was their duty to come down then with two cures to the one in Christian Science, and people would rush to join them. Just then he was concerned in

noticing how rapidly the time had flown and he made a hasty departure."

"I don't believe he will ever expect to see you in his congregation again," laughed Gloria. "No doubt what you have said to him will give him food for thought. The dear man needs only to be awakened from crass ignorance."

"I do wish that you were to remain here in the summer, Gloria, for I think we would have quite a little gathering in our parlor. But then we shall surely start regular services in the fall. Won't we?"

"Yes, of course," said Gloria, though Mrs. Mitchell thought her tone rather abstracted.

"I hope that everything has gone right at school?" said Mrs. Mitchell, as she noted an air of unusual quiet about the girl.

"Oh, yes," she returned, placidly.

"And will your children all pass their examinations?" continued the woman.

"Yes, I hope so; I expect them to," was the quiet response.

Mrs. Mitchell's mind was still groping for the answer to her mental question. "I suppose you and Muriel dread to be separated for the summer months."

The girl shook her fair head, slightly.

“ Oh, no! Muriel will spend the month of August with me; I thought I told you.”

“ Yes. I believe you did,” and Mrs. Mitchell, after a brief silence, changed the subject.

“ She just hates to leave those children, I know,” thought the woman, after Gloria quitted the room. “ And maybe Douglas Irving has something to do with affairs, but I can’t always understand these young folks.”

The time passed quickly now. Gloria had decided to remain for two or three days after her school closed.

At length came Friday, the last day of school. Her desk was piled with presents as Gloria entered the class room. She prayed for strength as she faced the problem of bidding her class farewell. The examinations had been most gratifying in their results. She had given the class a quiet talk and had pointed out the necessity of overcoming fear and of knowing that they would be able to cope with any question put before them. As a result of her faithful teaching every boy and girl in the room had passed the examinations and many had received honors. How she said good-by to them all, Gloria never really knew. She was conscious of the many arms thrown around her neck and the warm kisses pressed against her cheek. Most of the girls were

crying, while some of the boys swallowed hard as they nodded the last farewell. After it was all over she hastened home.

“How tired you look!” was Mrs. Mitchell’s remark, as she noticed the weary lines about the eyes that tried to smile at her. “Why, Gloria!”

The girl sank limply into a chair and put her handkerchief to her eyes. The sobs came uncontrollably.

“Give me just a minute, Mrs. Mitchell,” as the surprised woman put her arms around the trembling form. “It’s all wrong—and this feeling inside is error, but, oh! I do love those children so much and I can’t bear—to leave—they all.”

“You are a dear, good girl and you’ve had a hard week of it. Now try to enjoy the two days that are left.”

“Only two days,” Gloria was repeating to herself, then she said, aloud: “I believe I’ll go to my own room, I have a claim of fatigue.”

“Yes, go and rest, dear,” responded the kind-hearted woman. “I will call you when supper is ready.”

Saturday was a full day for Gloria. She spent the morning in packing while in the afternoon the quartette were at Mrs. Mitchell’s. They played croquet at which Muriel appeared to the best ad-

vantage. Gloria was glad for her sprightly talkativeness, for she herself was under a claim of depression.

Mrs. Mitchell had prepared a very dainty and appetizing supper for them and as the four seated themselves at the table, the hostess was full of satisfaction that she could thus help to make the day a happy one.

Gloria's heart seemed too full for expression, and she well understood Muriel's gay mood. The girl had confided to her that she was to marry Mr. Travis in the early fall, and that they should live in Mapleville, her husband continuing with his school work. They had not yet told Mrs. Mitchell, for they wished to surprise her and intended that she should share their home with them.

"I am glad that they will be so happy," thought Gloria, as she prepared for bed that night. "I hope that I have done right by resigning my position here." Gloria had confided to no one, save Mr. Travis, that she would not return in the fall, as she had decided to enter the field as a practitioner.

Sunday dawned an exquisite day. After having the Lesson together on the pretty, shaded porch, they sang some hymns and then walked through the open country.

Douglas took his leave soon after they returned

from their walk, stating that he would come again in the evening to say good-by to her.

"It will be the last time that I shall see him," she was telling herself, as she made some response.

She wondered at his lighted expression as she gave him her cold hand. As he fixed his ardent gray eyes upon her face a warm light stole into it and she quickly looked down. At this a sudden splendor of hope lighted the fine face and a glow of intense happiness fired his usually pale cheek.

"Until to-night," he said, softly, as he gave the little hand a pressure, and moved abruptly away.

Very lovely, indeed, she was, as she rose to meet him in the evening. She wore the "forget-me-not" dress. "He liked it," she said to herself, as she arranged the blue knot at her throat. Her expressive face was sweetly serious and her scarlet lips parted in a smile.

"Suppose we take a little walk," he suggested, tentatively.

Mrs. Mitchell watched them as they sauntered down the shaded lane, the girl's blue dress plainly visible in the moonlight.

"What an elegant couple they'd make," she mused, "but seems it can't be. Well, anyone can see that Douglas Irving just worships her. Why,

if any man like him would look at me that way, I believe I'd be too dazed to say no. But Gloria is very different from the ordinary girl. I guess she thinks only of her pupils."

Meanwhile Gloria and Douglas strolled leisurely along until the attractiveness of a seat beneath a large shady tree suggested itself to them. There was a moment of silence as the two seated themselves upon the rustic bench. Gloria could feel something unusual in the atmosphere and she cast a swift glance at her companion.

Douglas looked into the sweet face upturned to him and his eyes moistened with the deep feeling that he had of late been experiencing.

"Miss Gilman—Gloria, I have something to tell you to-night. I have waited till now—the last night—because I have felt so unworthy, and I wanted to prove to you that I had tried my best to bring forth the fruits of the truth of Christian Science in my own life."

The girl's heart gave a sudden bound of joy. "He unworthy?" she thought, as she glanced at the noble face beside her.

"Gloria—I love you. I think I have loved you since that Sunday morning when you sat in your pretty blue gown under the tree in the 'Retreat,' and your sweet voice rang out the first words of

Truth that I ever heard. I was attracted, of course, by your beauty and loveliness, but from the first there seemed to me a greater charm about you even than that. A certain purity, the exquisite tenderness and loveliness of your character appealed to me. I loved you long ago, dear one, but I felt that I must make my life better; I must show you how greatly I loved this Truth; I must prove to you how much I would sacrifice for it, before I dared to express my overwhelming love for you. Even now I am not worthy of you, but I shall continue to strive to bring greater goodness into my life—in that way only can I stand with you.”

The deep, earnest tone ceased. Gloria had averted her head so that he could not see the great light that shone in her face.

“ You saved my life, dear, and I want to repay you by standing at your side, working with you for our great Cause, tenderly caring for you and sharing in your trials and joys.”

“ Darling, tell me,” he pleaded in low, earnest tones, as he clasped one little hand in both of his, “ do you love me? ”

The trembling girl turned toward him. The beautiful moon, through a rift in the branches, seemed to shine directly upon the lovely, upturned face. Mutely, she lifted her moist eyes to the fond

ones bending over her. The deep, soft eloquence in their liquid depths held for him a wondrous revelation.

“Is it yes, Gloria, my queen?

The girl's slender fingers closed upon his.

“I love you, Douglas.”

The strong form trembled with emotion, while a great joy throbbed in his tone, as he cried, with passionate fervor: “God is good! God is good!”

An eloquent silence now ensued, fully satisfying to the silent ones.

“You will not teach again, Gloria, but you will come to me in the fall?

“I want to be a practitioner, you know.”

“Of course. You will go right on with the work that you have started here. Mother will be added to our list, for she has changed since she has read the ‘little book’ aright. You need have no fear but that she will warmly welcome you as her daughter. I shall go on with my law practice for the present—then when the right time comes and I am fitted, I, too, shall work with you as a practitioner.”

Her eyes spoke to him without need of words. Never as now did the lovely face seem so alive with the great beauty of Soul.

“I want to be worthy of you, dear one,” he

said, tenderly, as he marveled at the great purity of the delicate face.

“ I know that I love you, Douglas, and that you are worthy of the love of any woman. I shall be proud to be your wife.” Sweetly, shyly, the words fell from the quivering lips.

“ That means that you are mine, and I am yours,” he said, a great joy throbbing in his tones, “ and ”—reverently—“ we will both have the same shepherd—divine Love; we shall be one in heart and purpose, ever moving towards the Light, ever working in the service of our great Cause.”

THE END

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